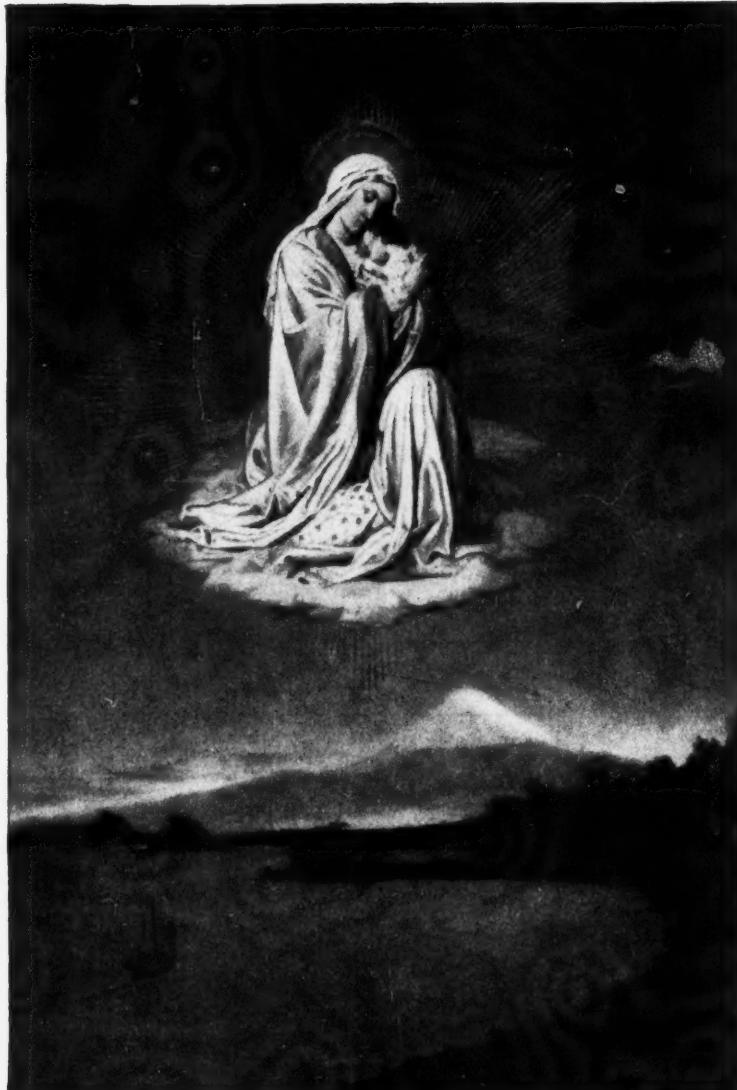


THE FIELD AFAR

MARY  KNOLL



MORNING STAR

*This is the reproduction of a painting done by an Italian artist of Sienna at the request of a noted Japanese Catholic who is keenly interested in the conversion of Japan
(See page 11)*

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA INC.
—(LEGAL TITLE)—

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NUMBER 1

JANUARY
1928

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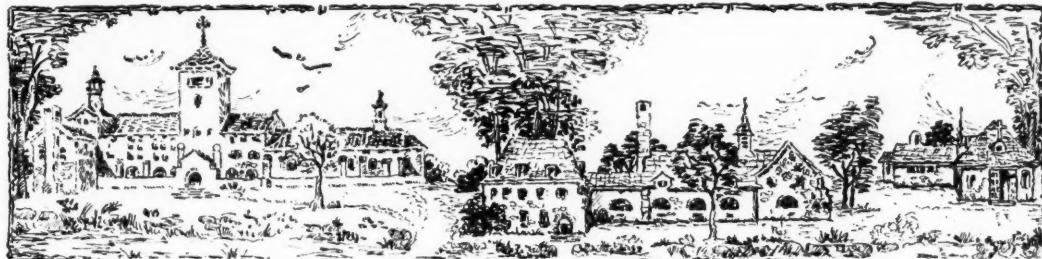
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Publication and Power House

Novices' Chapel

Approved by the Hierarchy of the United States at Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. **Authorized** by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Decree of Praise, June 14, 1915.

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THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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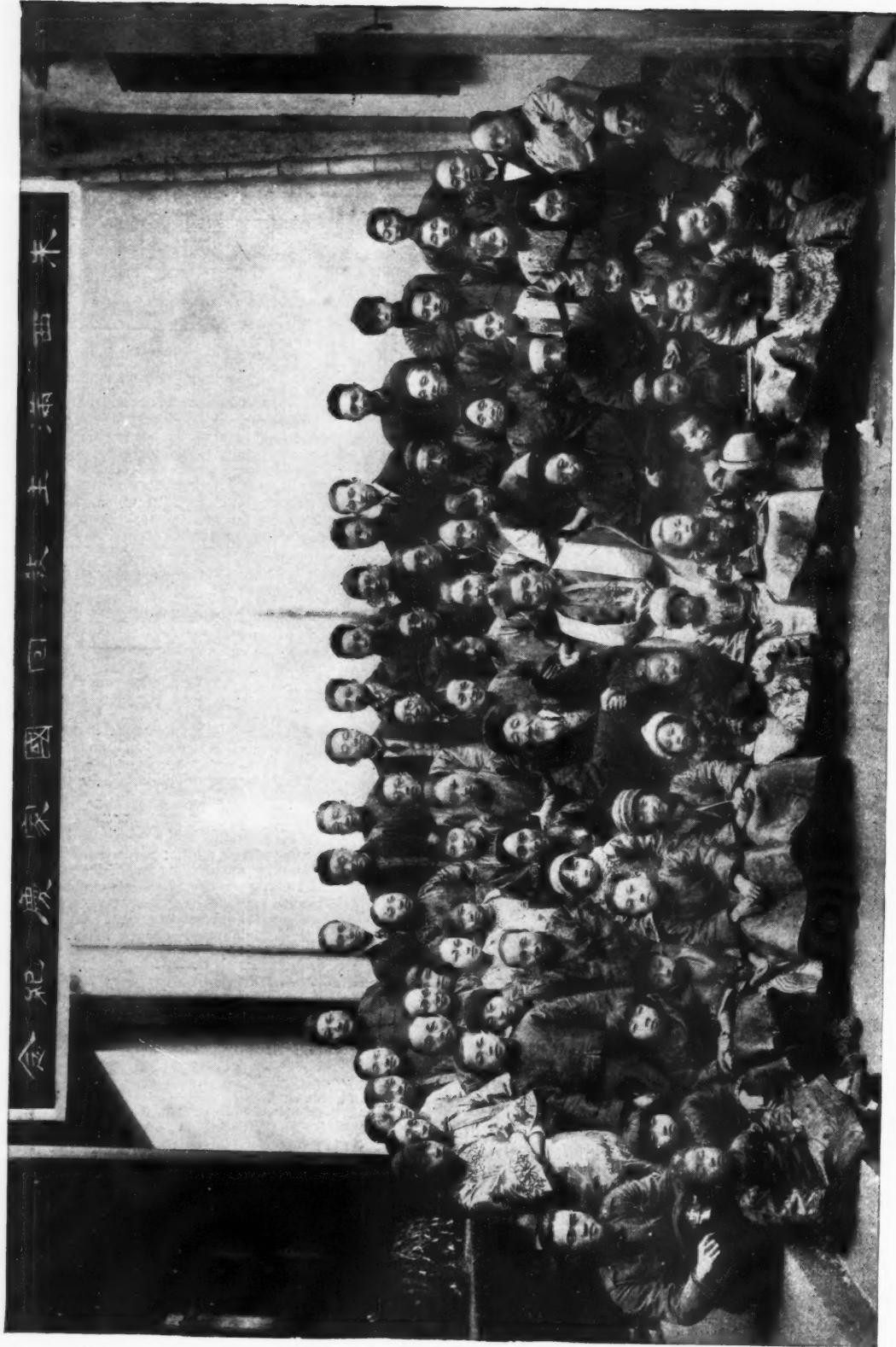
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The Family of Tsu at Shanghai

Five generations are represented in this photograph, which was taken shortly after the return of Bishop Tsu from Rome. This family has been strongly Catholic for more than two hundred years. Besides the bishop, who belongs to the Society of Jesus, another Jesuit will be found in the group and two helpers of the Holy Souls.



THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1928



THE HOUR AND CHINA

THE breaking up of China is a favorite occupation with waiters (especially with such amateurs as a seminary provides); and this play on words as applied to Far Cathay is an old one.

But today, as one waits for developments, one begins to wonder if an actual break-up of the greatest country in the world may not yet eventuate. We are inclined to hope not, because China has a long history with some fine moral traditions, with its own literature and art; and, if as a unit she could take her place among the great powers of the world, she might prove a great influence for good.

The past year has been a memorable one in the story of China, and, while little seems to have been accomplished, certainly the Western world has been aroused to an extraordinary interest in a people about whom few knew much or were at all concerned.

The average American judged China by his laundryman or possibly by his restaurant keeper—or even an occasional student.

When the Daily Dreadfuls began to set China on the front page and to speak of student uprisings, manifestations against England, strikes, and boycotts, readers rubbed their eyes and expressed surprise. Then came the story of Nationalists, trained by Russian generals and provided with supplies from the stores of the Russian bear.

News from China grew voluminous with accounts of a great march to the north, clever young generals, the capitulation of provinces, the union of forces, attacks on cities, occupation of mission compounds, flight of Westerners, and the consequent perplexity of consuls.

Young China had been arriving at union and order, but needed

funds and direction from well-equipped nations. With many would-be-leaders, however, nations that were willing and able to help could not take sides, and young China had turned to a discredited nation, Russia. This help made possible the remarkable progress of the Nationalists.

Then came the party split and the strength of a Northern war lord (Chang Tso-lin) manifested itself.

The real condition of China became gradually known to the masses; namely, that the new Republic, formed in 1911, was only a name and that China in reality was a collection of separate provinces with no center, under what were practically feudal lords—most of them ex-bandits.

And now what?
Who knows?

A well-known expression in the English language is "a Chinese puzzle" and anyone who has followed recent events in China will appreciate its significance as applied just now to that country. Generals who sip tea today may be drawing swords tomorrow. Great battles are foreseen and result in explosions of firecrackers.

The popular leader of yesterday is today over in Japan or down at Singapore spending his money and smoking the pipe of peace.

At times, the condition seems hopeless, but it is generally agreed that the spirit of regeneration is developing under all of these shifts and that China is steadily

working toward a "place in the Sun."

Our Maryknollers in the Southern Province have been unusually free from interference during the past year and report considerable improvement in travel conditions—brought about by Chinese business interests; but in other sections of the country, there has been much hardship, on account of the war.

One can hardly expect a new China soon, however, even if all leaders should unite.

Try to imagine the United States with only two main railways, one from New York to Washington, another from Chicago to St. Louis; with practically no railroads running east and west; with no extended highways; with each state speaking a different language; and with ninety per cent of the people unable to read. This does not convey an exact idea of conditions in China, but it approximates them, and should excite sympathy for those who are trying to give face to their country.

Those of us who know the possibilities of Chinese culture, and, better still, of Chinese faith in the one true God, realize how much these people can contribute to Christian civilization, and we will do well to pray that the day may be hastened when China may awake not only to the material development of the Western world, but to the message that came out of the East and has been moving westward for nineteen centuries.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

should be simple, or they are soon discarded. How about an extra Hail Mary each day this year for missionaries? The effort is not burdensome and it would result in much good for souls.

SUPPORT A CATECHIST



A MISSION TRAIL IN CHINA

**Along the Line
FROM SOUTH CHINA**

Fachow

(Fr. Bauer)

FR. WALKER is looking forward to getting out of this mousehole of a compound. Proceedings are already under way (somewhat), but it is now for us to get the wherewithal, and we have put this cause into the hands of St. Joseph, the provider, and into those of our dear friends at home. Those who are eager to help can do so through Maryknoll at home. Checks or foreign money orders run little or no risk. The mail is good in China.

Pingnam

(Fr. Meyer)

HERE all is peaceful. There seems to have been a reaction. The latest report is that the new government at Nanking is ordering the local officials to see that all mission property held by Chinese be given back to the rightful owners.

The new Minister of Foreign Affairs has been quick to grasp the Wilsonian distinction between the people of a country and their government and says

Sunday school children will relish *The Field Afar*.

that the Chinese should seek to regain their rights by dealing with the governments concerned instead of harming individuals, who have come here mostly with the best of intentions for the welfare of the Chinese themselves.

(Fr. Ruppert)

EVEN the Christians are apt to have very strange views on the matter of how the missioner obtains funds for carrying on his work.

It fairly astonished the listeners when Fr. Meyer gave the real facts of the case; namely, that Catholic missioners do NOT receive financial aid from the American Government, as so many Chinese have thought to be the case. To be told that Catholics in America were willing to give financial aid, in order that the Chinese people might also share in the blessings of faith, seemed almost too good to be true.

To the pagan Chinese, it is almost inconceivable that one should spend his life here, except as a government agent or in a lucrative business, when America has so many material blessings to offer. America to them is the land of golden opportunity, to reach which would mean the fulfillment of their highest ambition. Even my language teacher makes frequent reference to the day—still in the dim future, no doubt—when he, too, may see the wonderful



IT'S A GLORIOUS FEELING
when gifts come in that are not tied with a string. Maryknoll can use them where they are really needed. Are we asking for more?

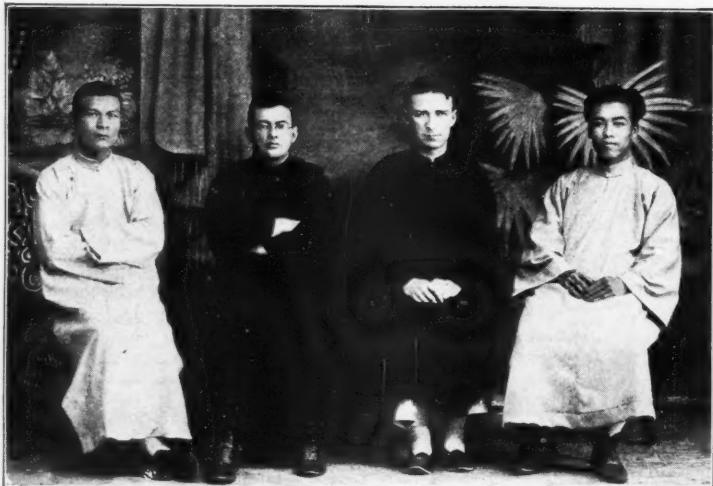
To quote our English cousins, "Well, rather!"

city of New York. Somehow or other, Chinese seem never to have heard about Philadelphia or Boston; but New York City is their ideal.

Hoingan

(Fr. LePrelle)

THE Christians of this Hoingan mission are new in the faith; few have sufficient instruction, while nearly all had an early pagan training. We date back to fifteen years at most, and many villages to but four and five. We feel that all in our power ought to be done to counteract the present propaganda by sending Chinese nuns and well instructed catechists to give the people a better understanding of their holy faith. This year offers an excellent opportunity for the work as we are enjoying peace from bandits for the first time in ten years.



Photograph from Fr. Leprelle

Catechist Fr. Leprelle Fr. Sheridan Language Teacher
The language teacher gives two hours daily and will accept no remuneration

PENALIZE YOURSELF FOR DELINQUENCY

Again, we must instruct the children if we wish to rear strong, fervent Christians. This we find can best be accomplished by opening Catholic parochial schools where we can give time to Christian Doctrine and good moral training. We know the beneficial influence the parochial schools have in the Catholic life of America; how much more necessary are they in this pagan land of China?

To date, we have opened three grammar schools; one at Naam Po Hoh, where recently a new chapel was erected; another at Taon On, a village of over five hundred Christians; and a third at the mission center. The maintenance of these schools will amount to a tidy sum. Yet, since we felt that it was our duty to attempt this venture, we did not hesitate to do so because we felt that kind friends from the land of our birth would help us to keep these schools open in view of the fact that Catholic schools are bound to become an important factor in the future development of a good and ardent Christian community.

Siou Loc

(Bro. Martin)

SOME Trenton people and Seatale friends will remember Bro. Martin who went to China a few years ago. Bro. Martin is with Fr. Ford in the Hakka Mission, and from a recent message we quote:

Here we have over one thousand Christians. Week days there are around two hundred at Mass and many communicants. The women wear no hats in church and the men do. I have already started a war on dogs, chickens, and other animals in the church.

This is a very beautiful section of China. Our place is set in between mountains. Some of the people are really lazy. Just picture five men, fathers of families, sitting all day watching boys playing—and, since my tool box came, I hardly have room to move.

Kochow

(Fr. Paschang)

I SHOULD like to ask for a favor. I have run out of reading matter and can't afford to buy any more. I wonder if I could not get a few duplicates from the Maryknoll library. I like especially history, biography, and travel, besides spiritual books. After finishing with any books that could be sent to me, I would send them back, if you should so desire, or turn them in to the Kongmoon library. Reading is about the best thing to keep one from getting the fidgets over here, and we get tired reading the same things over. If it is not too much trouble, I do wish you would request the librarian to see what can be done.

(Fr. Heemskerk)

THE great problem is the language. What a complication!—even though



SAMPAN COMFORTS

for us the study of the language is greatly simplified. A French priest told me that when he came to China, thirty years ago, he had no dictionaries; no books to guide him. He had to determine himself how to mark the tones to differentiate them. He had a Chinese teacher and that was all. We have dictionaries and books, and, best of all, we have our course marked out for us by our pioneers. If we follow the program outlined in Fr. Meyer's romanized *Wisner*, we have nothing to worry about and we get a good foundation for speaking.

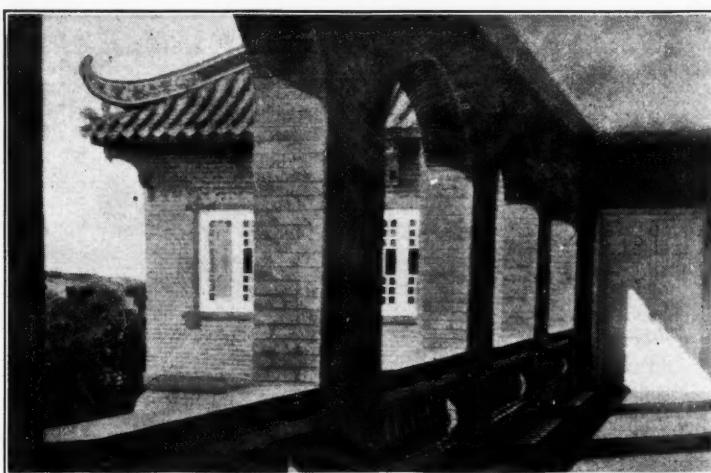
NORTH CHINA

Fushun

(Fr. Lane)

FUSHUN is likely to wake up in more ways than one. At least we should judge so from the poster which appeared recently in that Manchurian town.

Ten dollars will supply one priest with Mass wine for one year. Will you provide for the Holy Sacrifice?



Photograph from Fr. Rauschenbach
THE BISHOP'S HOUSE AT KONGMOON

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND



THE HOINGAN ALTAR

Friends of the two signers will be found among our readers and will be interested to note their adopted names:

The newly arrived missioner who addresses you today has been in this place for over a month, and the Catholics he has met are no more numerous than the stars in the morning. He heard from them that a far greater number are not frequenting the Church. The reasons given are the irregularity of the visits of the former pastor, and the lack of a proper place for gathering. Among those Christians, some are wealthy and busy; a much greater number are poor (and busy). Some, Christian for many generations, are faithful at home, and, when away from home, they yield to human respect, and, for such a pitiable obstacle, throw away their souls.

How sad and deplorable is this state of affairs!

Hoping to remedy this, and, as an invitation to come to church, your pastor decided to spread this announcement and to make known the fact that this province of Mukden has just been separated into three ecclesiastical divisions, corresponding to the three civil Tao (intendencies). Fushun is to be the central mission station of the third district. The work on the buildings will start soon.

Those Christians who have been tepid so far are earnestly urged to amend without delay; to come to Mass on Sundays and holy days; and to receive the sacraments.

Such is the earnest hope of your pastor and of the assistant pastor.

Lin hua tung (Fr. Lane)
P'an ching heng (Fr. McCormack)

Associate membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society is fifty cents a year.



MANCHURIAN PARISHIONERS AT MASS

Photograph from Fr. Lane

Dairen

(Fr. Tibesar)

NEWS comes that Dairen (Dalny), an important city on the seacoast of Manchuria, North China, has its first resident priest. This is Fr. Tibesar, of Maryknoll, who has been at Tokyo for the past year preparing for the important mission.

Imperfect knowledge of the language and strange conditions have a deadening if not paralyzing effect on the spirit. We need courage, obedience, and the virtues more than bodily strength—yes, even more than extraordinary intelligence. Every crook is intelligent. An intelligent missioner is either a marvel in his work for God—or he loses himself. The other kind lose themselves too, at times, but the danger is not always so great. Our usefulness to God and the Church ceases with the loss of obedience.

FROM JAPAN

Sapporo

(Fr. Swift)

OTARU is an hour's run from Sapporo. It is a fast-growing city, which, on account of its fine harbor, will soon exceed the population of the northern capital. The city is known to our Japanese Sisters, for both spent some of their earlier days in these parts.

I came here three weeks ago to allow the pastor to take his merited vacation and to go to Kobe to receive three new missioners. Father Prefect gave me faculties, but I had only one chance for confessions, because a priest came from the convent for the Sundays.

BACK CHRIST'S ARMY

However, there were any number of opportunities for conversation.

We have just buried a young Catholic doctor here. The case is pathetic. He, with his wife, was received into the Church three years ago. The doctor proved very zealous by daily Communion and by baptizing fifty-six infants during the past year. Last month, the family went to the beach and ate some sea food. The parents became very sick and both have died, leaving three children who now must go into pagan homes—unless the grandparents receive the grace of faith or can be prevailed upon to send the children for instruction.

My life at Tobetsu proved a long retreat, but I believe that out of my solitude I came forth spiritually stronger than before, even if I did not have much to show for the time spent over my book. There are recollections of frequent storms during the winter, of seeing through the cracks in the floor, of pacing the corridor and of beating imaginary punchingbags; the simple meals, the cold, miserable shack in which we lived, the utter absence of cheer in the homes of the Christians far over the hills, the bleak days when the East wind blew in from the bay, bringing heavy fog and sounds of mournful warnings tolling to mariners on the sea—all in all, Tobetsu is a chapter in my life which will always have some interest when reread.

Sample copies of *The Field Afar* will be sent to your school on request.

KOREA

Shingishu
(Fr. Hunt)

LAST winter, I had an interesting experience traveling up North. It was more a survey of mission possibilities and problems to be solved than actual apostolic activity. I accompanied Fr. Byrne, who was anxious to find out what lay in the most inaccessible part of the mission entrusted to us.

This northern section may be termed the "Maine woods" of Korea. Intensive lumbering operations are going on, and, in the forest recesses, live many wild animals, including tigers, leopards, and bears. The country is practically all mountains; along the boundary are border raiders and bandits, both Korean and Chinese. Everywhere snow heavily blanketed the ground. It was intensely cold, the outpost police station thermometers recording from twenty-two to thirty-six degrees below zero.

However, our real danger lay in the auto part of the trip, scaling the lofty mountain passes, over and by long, narrow serpentine roads, with often a drop of a hundred feet on the side, and no guard-rail of any sort whatever; sometimes a "bare foot" between the outer wheel and the edge of a precipice. The scenery was gorgeous and all that, but

my mind and attention was wrapt in the road directly ahead. A slight skidding over the icy-covered roadbed, a single slip while trying to pass an ox-cart or other obstacle, and we were "goners"; for the deep precipitous gorges, the steep denuded mountain sides held out no mercy and would have ended our careers. At times, the driver, with Oriental stoicism, unwarned by a serious accident, seemed inclined to be careless. "Safety First" on a Korean mountain road means "Walk Up."

We solved the food problem by selecting what was put before us and filling out by our own cooking. Eggs and chickens were obtained here and there. At the larger settlements, condensed milk and even Japanese jam were on sale.

We stayed at Korean hotels, agreeably surprised at the clean accommodations. A special room is usually set apart for first-class travelers; all others sleep in the common room. The custom seems to be lodging free if you pay for supper and breakfast, the landlord making his profit that way. Happily we were able to say Mass every day.

We did, indeed, undergo some inconveniences, but not as severe ones as we had anticipated. Our usual covering

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"We may be the weakest and most obscure among the Church's children; yet we can reach all by intercession, and reach with efficacy and power. We may work without interruption; our ordinary actions may go to it; we may do more than all the ambassadors and legates that ever were, and yet not for an hour be distracted from our profession or trade. We shall never know, till it meets us at the Judgment, how much glory we have thus gained for God . . . with such infinite and eternal recompense."

(Father Faber)

Have you a copy of
Daily Prayers for Missions

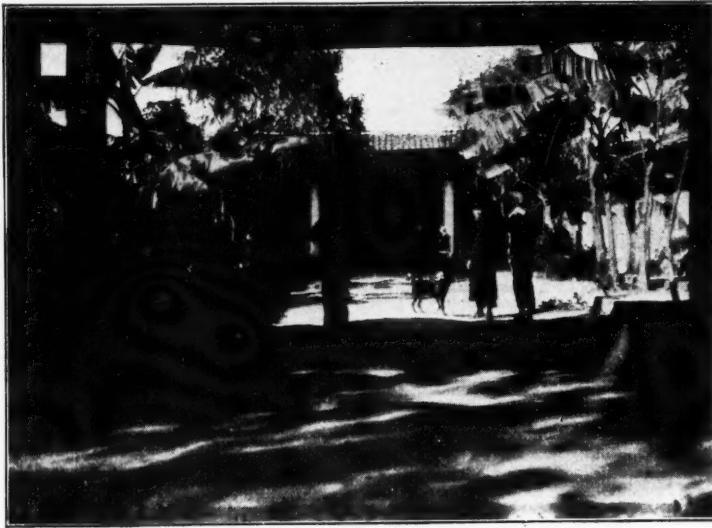


It is a neat little booklet.

Enclose a stamp and address:

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N.Y.
(Fifty copies for seventy-five cents)

at night was a blanket plus a fur-lined overcoat — a most useful gift from America. We slept native style on the floor, which was heated by a fire beneath.



AT KOCHOW *Photograph from Fr. Paschang*

Here Fr. Paschang can read his breviary under the shade of the old banana trees



THE LANGUAGE TEACHER
AT KOCHOW

TODAY NOT TOMORROW

Here and There

A SUBSCRIBER asks if there is a special feast day of our Blessed Mother as Queen of the Missions. There is none, but many Catholics who are interested use the invocation, "Queen of Apostles, pray for our missions."

The Catholic Truth Society of Manila is spreading Catholic newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, leaflets, and books, in the Philippine Islands. For further information address: Rev. Louis L. R. Morrow, 1199 M. H. del Pilar, Manila, P. I.

A subscriber in Rhode Island, who read in THE FIELD AFAR of the death of Father McShane, writes:

I was greatly impressed at his heroic death, and how lightly the world looks on such self-sacrifice.

We are printing in this issue a poem which was enclosed with this letter.

A letter in Chinese characters has brought to Maryknoll headquarters the sad news of the death, on October 14, of Bishop Philip Chao, one of the six Chinese bishops consecrated in Rome on October 28, 1926, by His Holiness Pope Pius XI. Bishop Chao was Vicar Apostolic of Swanhwa-Fu, in Chili Province. His illness was brought on by exhaustion, while ministering to famine victims in his vicariate.

A book that is well worthy of study and of a place on the reference table is *Catholic Missions in Figures and Symbols* by the Rev. Dr. Robert Streit, O. M. I. This book is published, in English, by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It is attractive in form as well as in substance and abounds in telling graphs.

A Maryknoll priest, Fr. Coulehan, has been encouraged by bishops and priests in New England to speak in the parochial schools on the subject of vocations.

This is seed-sowing of a high

order, and the fruit should be precious. Say a prayer for Fr. Coulehan's propaganda. His plea is not only for foreign missions but for the needs of the Church at home and abroad. We must be truly Catholic.

The Catholic Missionary Aid Society of Pittsburgh is entering its twentieth year. This society gathers funds for mission enterprises in this country and abroad; no portion is allotted to the diocese itself as the work is designed to be "altogether unselfish."

The society has also been very

successful in promoting vocations to the missionary priesthood and Sisterhood. Of these, Maryknoll has a gratifying share, and we are pleased to add that for many years Maryknoll has been a beneficiary in the distribution of the gatherings.

Evidence of increased apostolic zeal in America was manifested by the generous response to the request of the Holy Father that Mission Sunday be observed as a day of prayer.

Praying for missioners is not something new. St. Paul invari-

THE MISSIONER AND HIS CATECHISTS



made by the latter's apparent ignorance.

The catechist instructs the foreign priest in the complicated machinery of etiquette. He discovers facts regarding candidates for baptism that serve to keep wolves out of the fold, and otherwise acts as the missioner's eyes and ears in a land where reliable and definite information seems the hardest thing in the world to acquire.

The possessor of a really good catechist values him "more than gold," while those who are less fortunate look on with envy.

In the Maryknoll China Missions, the monthly stipend of a native catechist is \$15. In Korea, where living expenses are higher, \$20 is required. The American missioners look to you for the means to employ these powerful aids in the winning of souls to Christ.

Address: The V. Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.

ably asked for prayers as he passed from village to village.

Blessed Isaac Jogues, returning to France, asked everywhere for prayers for the pagan Indians that those poor people might be brought to God.

The letters of the young martyr of Indo-China, Théophane Vénard, tell of the prayers from his family at home. The Little Flower who had such devotion to Vénard, prayed incessantly for missionaries, while the prayers of the great St. Teresa are said to have converted hosts of souls.

God certainly has blessed the union of missionary labor and prayer in the past; what may we not expect from this latest effort of the entire Catholic world?

In *The Catholic World of October*, Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., wrote a most interesting article on "The Institute of Pacific Relations" from which we quote this significant paragraph:

No amount or variety of reading could give the live and colorful impressions of China, Japan, and Korea that one received from listening to the representatives of those lands. An American delegate to the 1925 conference said afterwards: "I will never think of the Japanese or Chinese in terms of race groups again but in terms of Mr. Zumoto and Mr. T. K. Koo." This ability to visualize alien races and peoples in the light of their best instead of their worst specimens is probably the most enduring benefit that one derives from attendance at the conference. During three days' discussion of China, my place at the round table was between two Chinese women. Judged by the tests of native ability, culture, and manifest reasonableness, they were not inferior to any women that I have ever met in the United States or in Europe. I heard an able and witty address by a woman from Korea. I listened to men from China and Japan, who, though speaking in a strange tongue, were able to express their thoughts as clearly and effectively as any of the delegates who claim English as their native speech.

They verified the saying "all the world's akin." No matter how free a delegate may have striven to keep himself from racial prejudice and assumptions of racial superiority, he must have obtained in the conference a clearer and more impressive grasp of the great truth that God made all men in His own image and likeness.

From the Encyclical of His Holiness Pope Pius XI



"The Nations of today live in a state of armed peace which is scarcely better than war itself, a condition which tends to exhaust national finances, to waste the flower of youth, to muddy and poison the very fountain heads of life, physical, intellectual, religious, and moral."

"The Church is the teacher and example of world goodwill, for she is able to inculcate and develop in mankind the 'true spirit of brotherly love'."

"The Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ * * * With might and main we shall ever strive to bring about this peace. * * * We ask that all assist and co-operate with us in this Our mission."

—From First Encyclical, Pius XI.

MORNING STAR

THE recent consecration of the first Japanese bishop by the Holy Father has drawn the attention of the Christian world to Japan and to the Catholic Church in that country.

Among the Catholics of Japan, there stands out immediately the figure of Admiral Yamamoto, distinguished Japanese convert and lay apostle.

Admiral Yamamoto was a pupil of the Brothers of Mary at the Morning Star School in Tokyo. He was baptized there on Christmas day, 1893.

In later years, he was sent to Rome as Japanese naval attaché. He made a very favorable impression in the Eternal City and he took advantage of social contacts to arouse interest in the conversion of his native land.

He asked a Brother of Mary at the College of Santa Maria in Rome to compose a prayer to Mary, Morning Star, for the conversion of the Japanese Empire. This prayer was indulgenced by Pope Pius X.

Subsequently, the young attaché

met in Sienna an Italian artist, Mrs. Franchi Mussini. He asked this lady to paint a picture representing Mary, Morning Star and protectress of Japan.

Admiral Yamamoto supplied paintings of characteristic Japanese landscapes. Inspired by these and by her subject, Mrs. Franchi Mussini produced a beautiful work of art. The Blessed Virgin, holding her Divine Son in her arms, is shown in the heavens above the E-no Ura Bay, with its islands and rocky promontories. In the background, the snow-capped Fujiyama rises above the plain, where the mists of night still linger and the "sacred mountain" of Japan is about to reflect the first radiance of the dawn.

When the painting was completed, Admiral Yamamoto obtained an audience from Pope Benedict XV, who declared himself greatly pleased. The Holy Father then increased the indulgences attached to the prayer to Mary, Morning Star, for the conversion of the Japanese Empire. Every one who recites this prayer before a reproduction of the paint-

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

ing described above obtains an indulgence of three hundred days each time the prayer is recited, and the indulgence is plenary once a month, under the ordinary conditions. The prayer is as follows:

O Mary, bright Morning Star, who in thy very appearance upon earth didst signify the speedy rising of the Sun of Justice and Truth, shine sweetly on the people of the Japanese Empire, so that shaking off the darkness of their minds, they may faithfully acknowledge the brightness of Eternal Light, Thy Son, Our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

THE LITTLE FLOWER AND MISSIONS

A PETITION has gone to Rome asking the Holy Father to designate St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus as special patron of the Catholic missions.

There is reason to believe it bears the signature of practically every missionary bishop in the world. The reason is an evident one—it is because all the missions owe such reams of favors to the intercession of the Little Flower. This is so much the case that the Carmel of Lisieux, in publishing the lists of favors attributed to her, has had to devote separate volumes to the roses showered on the missions.

Is it possible also that her life has a special lesson for missionaries? Spiritual childhood is not a bad recipe for an apostle. Perhaps nobody needs confidence in God and abandonment to His Divine Providence quite so much as he who undertakes to preach the Gospel in a pagan land.

There is a tendency to carry through life the self-imposed and unnecessary cross of a great desire to see results. While the missioner knows that God alone gives the increase, he is yet tortured by a wish to be among those present when that happy eventuality occurs. The least that spiritual childhood can do for him is to bring peace to his heart—and incidentally, sight to his mind, to understand better the viewpoint of which Saint Paul speaks: *We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.* (*II Cor., 4:18.*)



Rt. REV. JOSEPH FRERI

THE LATE BISHOP FRERI

TO the late Bishop Freri the mission cause in the United States owes much. He gave to foreign missions nearly a quarter of a century of service, in addition to actual labors in Arizona.

Succeeding the late Bishop Granjeon as National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Bishop Freri removed the central office to New York City from Baltimore and started a development that resulted soon in a great increase of revenue for the missions.

On the retirement, through illness, of the Rev. Joseph V. Tracy, D. D., as Diocesan Director of Boston, Monsignor Freri secured as Dr. Tracy's successor, the present Superior of Maryknoll, who has always looked upon Bishop Freri as a providential instrument in the organization of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Within a year after the selection of Fr. Walsh, Monsignor Freri listed the New York Archdiocese for reorganization under Fr. (now Bishop) Dunn.

Day after day, year in and year out, Monsignor Freri toiled, usually at his desk, in the interests of the world-wide Church. His last

years were spent in his native land, and few around him had a full appreciation of his splendid record.

His best years were given to the development of the mission spirit in America, and Catholics here should be mindful of his work—as of his soul's need. May he rest in peace!

UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT

MARYKNOLL missioners do not take too seriously the difficulties of their life. They know that trials can be found at home as well as abroad, and they find consolations in the midst of privations.

They will be interested to read the following lines written by a well-known American resident in China to a lay friend in this country:

I am very much interested in the Maryknollers. They are a great "bunch." I have met about six or eight of the priests and know them all quite well by correspondence, including Bishop Walsh. The latter is a regular chap from all reports. I have never seen any of the Sisters, but hope to sometime.

Their work is tremendously self-sacrificing, leaving friends, family, and home behind them, doubtless forever. I admire them a lot. A Catholic priest seems so different from the other missioners, who can marry, have their families with them, and regular furloughs every four or five years, when they go home for nearly a year with all expenses paid. Such furloughs are wonderful, and you cannot imagine how wonderful they are until you live in a land like this.

So when a Maryknoller comes out here, my hat comes off. They all are happy and contented; so they must have a real call to God's service.

FROM A HOME MISSIONER

THERE are some timely and thoughtful sentences in an article published recently by a missioner among the Indians in South Dakota. This article would hearten many a priest in the outposts of the United States and in the mission lands overseas. Here are a few passages:

Missioners labor against great odds. They are way out on the frontier, away

from civilization, away from their friends, and away from publicity.

The missioner has a right to all the encouragement he can get. He needs it. Many a time a kindly word or a bit of encouragement keeps away the "last straw" which would crush his spirits. Missioners are but human, and, in human nature, when it faces severe trials and labors, is inclined to back down. Thank heaven that Holy Church has produced leaders and others among her children who realize this fact.

There has been a growing tendency among some of our Church collecting agencies in the United States to acquire a monopoly in collecting for the missions. Much has been said about this tendency, and the last word has not yet been spoken. Thus far, in this matter, the missioner has scarcely been consulted. Men are apt to become too theoretical and lose sight of cold facts, as they are and will be. Could any collecting agency provide the missioner with all he needed, that would be ideal. But experienced men in the Church, and the missioner above all, know that the thing will not work out.

The general collecting agency is a good thing, but so also is the individual appeal. Both are prompted by the same motive and the authority behind both is the same.

There should be perfect harmony between the general collecting agencies and those who appeal to the faithful individually. Our people should neither be hampered in giving directly to a cause which they know to be worthy, nor should they be hindered in sending their contributions through the medium of a collecting agency, if they so prefer.

It is the bishop's place to decide what missions are so needy, or where the opportunities are so good that an appeal to the public is warranted. It is unreasonable to suppose that any priest would send out a letter of appeal without the approval of his bishop. And are we not right in supposing that the bishop knows more about the needs of his missions than does the head of some charity organization, who has never even visited the mission in question?

Informing the Catholic public of the state of the missions is a task too great for the collecting agencies we already have. The private appeal comes to their aid, and opens the eyes of the people to specific cases of need and to particular opportunities of doing good. The people are willing to give when they know of definite cases where help is needed. It is human nature to be generous to a particular cause with which one comes into personal contact, whereas the bare mention of generalities falls flat.

At our last meeting of missioners here in South Dakota, it was casually noticed that every one of them was wearing secondhand clothes, a second-

WORD from Rome has reached Maryknoll headquarters of the appointment of Fr. Patrick J. Byrne as Prefect Apostolic of the Maryknoll Prefecture Apostolic of Peng Yang, in North-western Korea.

Msgr. Byrne is a native of Washington, D. C., and an alumnus of St. Charles, Ellicott City, Md., and of St. Mary's, Baltimore, Md. He was ordained at Washington, in June, 1915, and came to Maryknoll soon afterwards, as the first priest-aspirant of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Msgr. Byrne served on the faculty of the Seminary. He was also for several years Rector at the Maryknoll Preparatory College in Scranton, Pa.

The new Prefect set out alone for Maryknoll-in-Korea, in January, 1923. He was later joined by other Maryknollers. At present, Msgr. Byrne has under his direction seventeen Maryknoll priests, two Brothers, and ten Sisters.

hand overcoat, and even secondhand shoes. While this is not an indication of "actual need," yet it is proof enough that these men do not "usually receive more than they need." And these are missioners who depend entirely on their private appeal!

PRIESTLY CO-OPERATION

Your kind letter enclosing a check representing interest due on my annuity was thankfully received.

I wish also to thank you for the many prayers and Masses offered up by your Society annually in which I am privileged to share.—Rev. Friend, Wyo.

I wonder whether we have not standardized out of measure (and unified!) the help we give the missions. I can see and understand very well that you cannot get along without making your own appeals—in your own attractive way. The dollar (or ten) that is asked for "Mary McCarthy (sick and six children)" appeals far more than the vague "Our Foreign Missions."

Keep up the good work! I have my Maryknoll right here.—A bishop in the South.

Anent Fr. Ford's letter, which appeared in the August number of THE FIELD AFAR, concerning the two thousand dollars necessary for his Hakka seminary, would it be too indiscreet to inquire if the requested amount has been forthcoming? Surely someone

Mission Values

- \$1 for a day's support of a missioner.
- \$2.50 for a month's support of a baby.
- \$5 for the ransom of a Chinese baby; or the monthly support of a grandmother or a blind girl.
- \$10 for the personal medical expenses of a missioner.
- \$15 for a month's wages of a catechist.
- \$30 for the yearly support of a schoolboy or girl; or the yearly support of a leper.
- \$50 for the yearly retreat expenses of a missioner; the yearly support of a preparatory student; or the yearly upkeep of a village school.
- \$100 for the yearly travel expenses of a missioner or for the yearly support of a native seminarian.
- \$180 for the yearly salary of a catechist.
- \$200 for the yearly upkeep of a dispensary, orphanage, or catechist school.
- \$250 for the yearly support of a native priest.
- \$300 for the personal support and travel expenses for one year, of a missioner.
- \$400 for the yearly upkeep of a modern parochial school.
- \$500 for a village school; the outfit and travel expenses of a missioner or a Sister, to Asia; or the yearly upkeep of a catechumenate.
- \$1,000 for a chapel or for an orphanage.
- \$1,500 for a small dispensary or for a native student bursar.
- \$2,000 for a catechumenate (40 catechumens and 2 teachers).
- \$3,000 for a catechist bursar or a priest's house.
- \$4,000 for a leper hospital (50 beds).
- \$5,000 for land to serve as a mission center (including that for Sisters); or a convent and convent chapel.
- \$10,000 for a modern city high school (100 pupils).

among the thousands of well-to-do Catholic laymen, yes, and priests, who could easily provide such a sum, came forward.

To be deemed the founder of a seminary; to have the privilege of choosing its patron—what an exalted honor! And what an insignificant price to pay for it! As for me, I should be ashamed if no one were to be found to seek it. Please let me know.—Rev. Friend, N. H.

THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1928



From Fr. Byrne

*(Prepared for THE FIELD AFAR
by Msgr. Patrick J. Byrne, Superior of the Maryknoll Missions in Korea)*

IN THE COURSE OF A WEEK

SATURDAY, Feast of St. Catherine of Sienna.—As usual these days, spent the whole morning at the new church speeding along the contraction so long delayed by rains and stalled by snows. We have nearly finished the walls and columns of the first floor which is to serve as school, with movable partitions to allow one large hall for gala occasions, such as illustrated lectures, presentation of gold-headed canes to the pastor, and so forth. We are our own contractor, thereby attaining two very desirable coigns of vantage: we are sure that cement-mortar and not mud is going between the bricks; and we can check our pace according to the checks in the exchequer.

The plan of our Shingishu basilica as drawn by a Boston friend, architect and benefactor, combines occidental capacity with the native Korean style, in particular the curved roof (originally designed to chute descending devils back up into the air again). Korean pagan temples are not built for crowds; like all truly oriental buildings, they are little more than enormously heavy roofs of no great expanse, upheld by posts. These roofs are at times gorgeously decorated, but, after all, they are simply roofs. What walls appear have little of the artistic, being merely panels between the supporting pillars. Substantial artistic walls, with windows, are a modern importation.

As our basilica takes more definite shape, it receives a daily inspection by gentlemen and gents, of high and low degree in glistening silks and in chocolate rags. Both extremes meet here on common ground, and it is a ground of amazement, with a goodly spice of

disapproval, that anyone should waste good mortar where it cannot be seen, and when mud veered with lime would do fully as well. This wonder has finally coined a nickname, "the ten thousand year church," the coinage being the better interpreted in the light of their own way of building, for the average thatched hut demands a new roof every year, a new floor every two, and new walls according to the whims of Jupiter Pluvius.

Just in time for dinner, two brave and fluent travelers descended upon us, the one a Checo-Slovak, the other a gentleman of Verona. Six years ago, each started separately to circumcycle the globe. With all the room in the world, didn't they collide in Constantinople! Who dare challenge the omen? Thenceforth, two bikes with but a single track, four feet that pumped as one. Having collected the autographs of all the potentates in Europe and Asia, they are now en route to America for further little visits to the homes of the great. Among others, including President Coolidge and Tom Assadeceson (go ahead, figure it out for yourselves), they have heard much of a famous Sultan of Swat, an eccentric personage it seems, who patronizes the sports and who will probably regard kindly two internationally famous cyclists. Yes, indeed, they will have big pleasures

in America.

In six years of cycling, these wanderers had seen much. They said the fastest time they ever made was up a long hill in India, one hot night, with a bellowing menagerie of some sort trying hard to play tag behind. Their present fears—at least the Italian's—are centered on Mussolini and his exploits. After a few more years of travel, he may consider roaming back to Rome to do something about it. For the present, though, both are quite content to wheel their meandering way along the broad highway of the world, even to the toll-gate at the very end. 'Tis a selfish view of living. Their pneumatic tires and cushioned saddles are too soft. May a surfeit of punctures and bumps make them more acutely conscious of the stern realities of life!

The day and the dinner reached a climax at dessert, a culinary chef-d'œuvre. A recent Russian refugee, grateful for something or other, had baked for us a most delectable cake, a symphony in butter, eggs, and milk, with a motif in dried raisins. Cook John, suffused with jealousy and ambition, noted all very carefully, and today surprised us with the duplicate. At least, he thought he had duplicated everything but the dried raisins. Of these, alas, there were no more; so,



Drawing from Fr. Byrne

WHEN WINTER COMES ALONG THE YALU

PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL

after judicious pondering, he elected the nearest substitute, dried peas. We recommend this cake to our lady readers, assuring them they will find it novel, intriguing, and replete with delightful surprises like cobblestones.

In the afternoon, we all adjourned to a large field near by, where the annual triduum of sports and games is in order. Temporary grandstands of bamboo, with cotton sunshades, surround an oval track and field. There are perhaps eight thousand onlookers in the stands, with half as many again fringing the oval track within.

As this track is heavy with sand, no records or bones are broken. In fact, the bicycle races resemble a slow motion picture, yet everyone is just as happy as if the contestants were being mangled. And why not? Speed is purely relative, as the cowcatcher said to the jitney, helping it along; and, when it comes to a choice, the average mortal would rather be safe than first.

Once upon a time, a loyal New Yorker was vaunting the latest subway that saved him fifteen minutes every morning, when someone inquired, "What do you do with the fifteen minutes?" Whereat, a great silence fell upon the party, for he wot not wot he did with them.

There is surely one material benefit the Orient confers on the American: it turns him deaf to the present-day urge for speed. Yet there is one material danger the Orient holds out to the American: it may turn him too deaf to the urge for a decent pace. Much of the so-called "lure of the east" is the "lure of the ease," and, in slowing down, the foreigner may apply the brakes altogether too carefully, discover a delightful rut, and, thereafter, quell mutinous shreds of self-respect with the assurance that he is moving at least as fast as his Oriental neighbor. But the Oriental is built for it, the Occidental is not; where the one may thrive soundly, the other will not. The call of the Orient is echoed by the toll of the Orient, and "exotic perfumes" may come from funeral flowers. Well, well, the field day has carried us far afield. Let us get back to the races, for the shattered welkin is falling in pieces about us. For why this deafening din?



Drawing from Fr. Byrne

KOREAN ARCHITECTURE IS MOSTLY ROOF

'Tis the crowning event and the final number of the carnival, a personally-conducted blind man's race. Fifteen or so are lined up at the tape, and the prize, a few yen, is his who shall first catch a decoy beating a tom-tom just a few feet in advance. With what tripping over the ropes and sprawling over one another in their vain efforts to lay outstretched hands on the elusive decoy, the hapless gropers were led a merry chase while the delighted spectators were so convulsed with laughter that the grandstands shook their sides.

We were puzzled for awhile by a very curious fact, that the contestants in this blind men's race, so futilely groping after the tom-tom, wore no bandages over their eyes.

Then of a sudden the grim truth dawned upon us—they didn't need to.

And, somehow, the afternoon seemed to darken.

The even train from the south begins Volume III of *The Life and Times of the Rev. Roy Petipren*, Detroiter by accident, Maryknoller by choice, Shingishu pastor by destiny. A delegation of welcome was at the station to greet the new pastor and to hazard forecasts

If you wish to push one of our Burses over the top, we can supply you with a convenient means. Send for sample Burse cards.

STRINGLESS GIFTS BEST

on the probable chances of the Shingishu church during his régime.

The first glance is reassuring. Father Roy is six feet or so in his favorite socks and he resists the attraction of the earth's center with a force estimated at above two hundred pounds. But gravity tonight has no further claims upon him; his usual smile is more usual still, while he swaps compliments with the natives in a fluency of idioms that both astonishes and delights them.

It will take Father a few days to get used to his new domicile, a passable doll-house, Japanese and tiny, with paper partitions to admit the healthful ozone in winter time, and doorways just too cute for words. Now Korea is free of earthquakes, so we know that the quiver that shakes the house every so often, to be followed by an intense Holy-Name-Society silence, is but another meeting of nut with beam, a reminder to the padre that he is on the foreign missions, an inspiration to him to pray as if all depended upon prayer and to beg as if all depended on his friends, until a new Shingishu rectory, with life-sized doorways and rooms in place of pigeon holes, becomes a *fait accompli*. In the meantime, if someone of the new pastor's soldier friends could spare him a steel helmet, his home life here would be considerably less hazardous—though, at the same time, alas, less meritorious as well.

THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

VOLUME 1927—finished!
When it is opened at your particular judgment, may it reveal a record of charity based on faith!

Volume 1928—opened. Here is your opportunity to make up for past failures. May you and we strengthen our souls this year and bring more souls to the Christ King!

Boys like The Field Afar. It appeals to what is best in them.

NO power on earth can describe adequately the beauty of the countenance of God. In contemplating the All-Beautiful One, the blessed find "new beauties and fresh treasures."

We have it in our power, through the Providence of God, to make this glorious eternity a reality for others. To bring souls to the perpetual enjoyment of this Beauty, ever ancient and ever new, is our greatest privilege.

Already scores of girls have found their vocation through The Field Afar.

TAKE the Child and His Mother and flee into Egypt and be there until I shall tell thee, said the angel to St. Joseph.

There was no questioning and no delay. A trying journey was begun into a strange land and among

a strange and unsympathetic people.

The Holy Ghost will not be put off. Even now He is urging us to make a sacrifice of something in the interests of our faith. It is dangerous to say that we shall act tomorrow. *Today if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts.*

If The Field Afar is worthy to live, let the young generation know it.

TO root the faith of Christ so that from the soil shall spring a native hierarchy—this is the purpose of the Church Catholic and such is the definite aim of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America in its missionary effort.

The day should come when missions now staffed with Western priests will be in condition to be handed over to natives of the soil. That day may be remote for most missions, but it can be hastened by strengthening the forces now at work and by enabling them to intensify their efforts.

Place The Field Afar in the school this year.

"**T**HAT all may be one." This is the call of the Church Unity Octave—and better still, it is the prayer of Christ.

Would He have offered it if He did not think it possible of ful-

fillment? And if, knowing human nature as we do, we fear that this prayer can never be fully realized, should we not value even one more soul gained to Christ for eternity?

On every Catholic lies the responsibility of bringing those who are interested into the fold of Christ. The question I should answer is: "How many souls are registered to my credit?"

Let the school children read The Field Afar.

VOCACTIONS to the foreign mission apostolate will be comparatively few and they should be of high grade.

They can be found if opportunities can be secured to reach our youth. And this is the strong reason why THE FIELD AFAR will try this year to gain entrance into schools and Sunday schools.

An observant prelate deplored recently the number of vocations that go to seed yearly in this country for lack of cultivation. THE FIELD AFAR, as a monthly visitor to our Catholic youth, will help to take away this reproach.

Every Catholic child should read some Catholic paper.

THE past year was a disturbed one in China, but, strangely enough, it was unusually peaceful in sections occupied by Maryknoll missionaries.

NATIVE SEMINARIANS

"In the native priest in China can be seen God's 'star in the East,' calling on all to adore Him," writes Fr. Francis X. Ford of Brooklyn, New York, Superior of the Maryknoll Hakka Mission.

This is the month of the Epiphany, when, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight years ago, the Wise Men of the Orient came to worship their Infant King. In memory of that blessed day of the manifestation of God's Infinite Mercy to mankind, will you set a new star in the East to enlighten those who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death? One hundred dollars is needed for the yearly support of a native seminarian in the Maryknoll Missions of China.

This does not mean, of course, that Maryknoll missioners are spellbinders. They were simply out of the line of march—and so quite fortunate.

What of 1928? We are not prophets, but there is something of the optimist in us, our friends say.

At all events, we have reason to believe that we are fully justified in pushing right along and registering what progress we can in extending the Cross of Christ a little farther into the pagan hinterland.

Obstacles do not excuse those whom Christ commissions to win their fellow-men to His standard.

Use The Field Afar to illustrate geography.

WITH the fuller development of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in this country, all missioners throughout the world can look forward to an increased annual allowance for personal sustenance. For many years, the sum was about eight dollars. Already it has gone well above one hundred dollars.

If it can be brought some day to \$300, the personal needs of the mission-force should be amply met.

It must be remembered, however, that, in new missions especially, it is necessary to make other expenditures—that is, for land, churches, houses, schools, catechists, and so on.

If, however, the missioners can be assured of adequate personal support from the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, this will be a welcome relief for their own Societies which until now have largely supplied their personal needs in addition to others.

We cannot urge too strongly that all of our friends shall do what they can to awake and sustain interest in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The Field Afar is often praised as being exceptionally well edited. It should be helpful in the classroom.



THE HOLY FAMILY

HOW do you finance Maryknoll?" a wealthy business man recently asked its Superior—and the Superior says that had they not been on the street, he might have scratched his head for an answer. As it was, he replied, "God does it through many friends who read of the work."

And then came the story, known already to a few, that shortly after Father Walsh and the late Father Price came together in New York, they were directed to visit twenty-five prominent and well-to-do Catholic laymen. On Fr. Price fell this task, as he was free at the time. The good priest visited all and made several calls on some before finding them "at home."

The total receipts from this venture, the first of its kind, was twenty-five dollars. This experience turned the attention of the Maryknoll founders to more fruitful fields. Occasionally, however, somebody "with means" discovers Maryknoll, and among them a few have expressed their interest by substantial gifts which have made us hopeful that, as it grows in size, Maryknoll may be an instrument of grace to Catholics entrusted with the larger shares of this world's goods.

Use The Field Afar for public reading.

IN our day, it is probably a mistake to speak of weak peoples and backward races. Almost every land under heaven has its quota of the strong and the forward, while weakness and backwardness are the least of their worries. What we really mean is disorganization.

The elements of success are everywhere present and waiting—the only thing wanted is the magician to wave the wand that will make them all drop into place. This is organization.

The history of nations shows that this magician has always been Christ, and the wand, His religion. What of China?

The Chinese are a wise and a strong people. Their capabilities know no bounds. It is not surprising that their national aspirations are commensurately extensive and strong. They see plainly what their country ought to be and they see just as clearly the human means required to make it so. They are going ahead on this line. It is a good sign. The idea is noble. Let us give them credit; also a little elbow room.

Of course, it is not likely that they will erect an enduring monument unless the foundation stone be Christ. However, let us recognize that we all desire the ultimate good of China, and, if we differ as to the means, these are at least not mutually exclusive. In fact, they team very well. Why not work in harness? We are both pulling the same way—maybe the combination is what China needs.

One thing is certain, Son of Man, Christ won't hurt your country. He will make it strong; He will make it free. He always has; He always does. Learn a lesson from the history of the world; for in no other name under heaven is it given for men—or nations—to be saved.

Too many of our school children read the Daily Dreadfuls.

Too few know the outside of a Catholic paper.

The Making of Chinese Priests

(A LETTER FROM FATHER FRANCIS FOR

THERE are many interesting sides to mission life, so many that I wager we could find one to fit every mind; it is really an expression of the length and depth and width of the whole Catholic Church. The missions are the Church, not merely in embryo, but rather a cross section of the fullgrown body.

Grouped as nowhere else in the world, we find on the missions neophytes and baptized, confessors for the faith and apostles, virgins and even martyrs; we have, as it were, in one kaleidoscope the history of twenty centuries: the primitive church, the age of persecution, the unfolding of dogmas, the questions of national rites, the incorporation of Catholic terms in a new language, the baptizing of pagan customs, and the development of a native Church. The Church is perennially young and a militant Church because of its mission.

And yet the Church is so well knit together that its aim on the missions can be expressed in a single idea—the raising up of a native clergy. Given a clergy, China is as Catholic as Rome itself, and it is then only a question of time. Time is accidental; a clergy is the essential element.

And the question of a native clergy is one that can prove interesting to every mind. Some of us are interested in China historically, others linguistically, still others psychologically; to some China means little else than a foreign

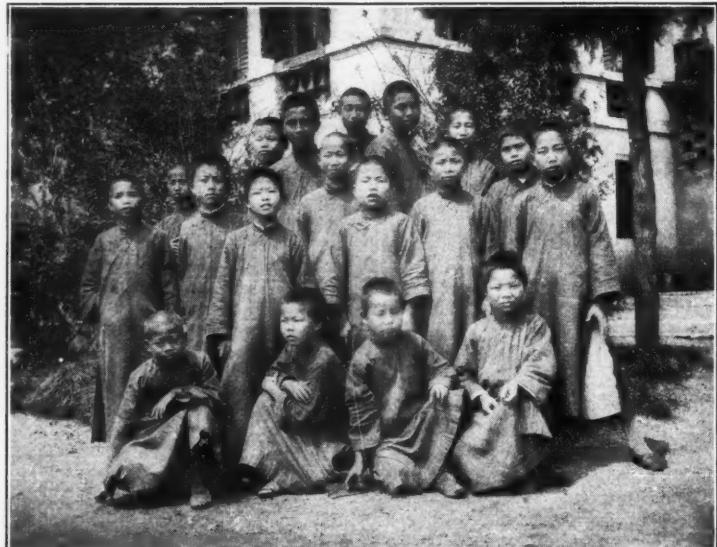
land, to others a pagan foreign land, to the more thoughtful it is a promising mission field. Whether we consider it from the religious, historical, or international point of view, the question of a native clergy meets us to be answered.

It is little to wonder at then that our first two years in the Hakka Mission have been wrapped up in the Seminary. If I have written little of it to you, it was not from lack of thought, but, perhaps, because, being so close to our hearts, we were afraid to begin to speak. Catholic ideals are too sacred to be lightly spoken of, and there is a natural reticence in touching on the absorbing motive of our life over here.

Each must discover the Catholic Church for himself, and having discovered it, the tendency is to be distrustful of one's powers of expressing to others. So it is with the establishment of a native seminary. We wish to exclaim:



THE HALF-WAY HOUSE BETWEEN



LITTLE SEMINARIANS ON PARADE

"Behold the tabernacle of God among men," and leave it at that.

There is a strange equality in every Catholic work, an infinite equality that makes useless any measurement—it is work for God and therefore beyond all rating, so much so that superlatives are not strong enough in describing any ef-

fort to fulfill God's plan. But even from the human point of view the establishment of a seminary is recognized as peculiarly blessed.

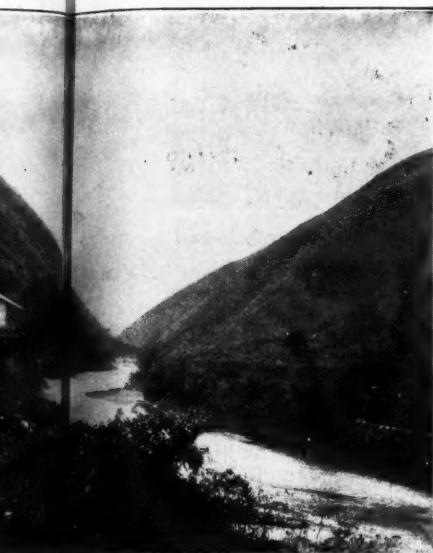
Because of this, we feel our Kaying Mission is well begun and solidly founded in our little seminary, and, without exception, our men have put



WATCHING THE OTHER
FELLOWS' MARKS

Pests in the Hakka Mission

FRANCIS FORD—Photographs from Father Malone)



HOUSE IN KAYING AND SIOU LOC



THE SAME IN ACTION

their best efforts towards its success. Materially, as yet, it is a poor infant in makeshift quarters;* financially, it has been a heavy expense for a still unknown mission to bear, and the running of it has demanded care, yet it is the pain that is akin to parenthood that we would not wish otherwise, that gives an

ing him to the apostolate among his fellow countrymen is simply priceless.

*Since the letter above was written, Fr. Ford has been the happy recipient of a very generous gift from a New Hampshire priest who wished to express a substantial interest in the little seminary at Kaying.

Hokshihia

(Fr. Gleason)

SOME of the old timers over here say, "The Orient will get you if you don't watch out."

I tell you I've got the "orientitis"!—and I've got it bad. Anyhow, the strain is this; namely, I have fifteen hundred Christians to look after and minister to. These must be provided with schools and catechists. Their chapels must be kept in repair. They must be given medicines—kerosene and iodine are now practically all the medicines I have left, plus one bandage that I'm saving for an emergency. Besides, I must act as a small St. Vincent de Paul Society for their poor—and most of my people are very poor.

These Christians are scattered over about one-third of the Hakka territory assigned to Maryknoll. Some are a two or three days' journey, some perhaps four, from the center where I reside. They are visited twice yearly when possible.

At one place, there is a little group of one hundred souls in the shadow of a little church, built years and years ago by a Chinese priest. The Christians have been begging me ever since I came last year to repair this chapel, but I could give them only fair words and my blessing, telling them to prop up the roof somehow until more prosperous times.

The house in which I live is certainly Chinese in style, so much so that it can-

(Continued on page 33)



BUSTER WONG



JUST north of Kwangtung where the new Maryknoll Mission lies is the Province of Kiangsi, in which the American Vincentian Fathers are now laboring. Kiangsi is a mountainous region with a valley running its entire length. When ambassadors and merchants in former times wanted to go from Canton to Peking, they used to pass through the Maryknoll and Vincentian Missions.

The early missionaries to China landed at Macao and entered the interior of China by the same route. It was this road that St. Francis Xavier wished to take and which almost all his successors followed in preaching the Gospel throughout China.

The famous Jesuit scientist, Matthew Ricci, worked in Kiangsi for many years before setting out for the capital of China, and, along the route are many marks of the presence of missionaries. Some of the pagans reverence the cross without knowing why, and, in some places, it is enshrined instead of idols by the roadway.

On this historic route, there is a town called Yih-wang, and here, in 1780, Quintus Sie was born. Sie's relatives were boatmen and so were useful in conducting missionaries by water through the province of Kiangsi. Quintus Sie, however, showed an ambition to study, and, because of his ability, he later became secretary of the Provincial Treasury. Afterwards, he went up north to Wucheng to become a merchant.

Wucheng in those days, though not a walled city, was a fairly busy place. The steamboat had not yet come to China. Now a

Quintus Sie— Catechist



great part of the commerce of China goes down the Yangtze in steamers to Shanghai, but, before Shanghai was opened as a treaty port, the only way that foreigners could do business in China was through Canton, so that all the foreign trade passed through Kiangsi, and Wucheng was prosperous and attractive Quintus Sie and his relatives.

The family had been Catholic for many years and were well known in that section of the country.

The pastor of Wucheng, Father Anot, who died in 1893 after fifty years as a missionary in Kiangsi, made Quintus Sie his catechist, and his duties were to take care of the Christians and of the chapel during the priest's absence. The priests were so few that often Father Anot would be absent for a year or longer going around his mission; so the catechist was an important help in keeping the Catholics fervent and united.

This was just the time when most of China was disturbed by the rebellion called the "Tai-ping" Rebellion. Tai-ping means the great peace, but there was no peace in China. Rebels wanted to get rid of the Emperor. They started from Kiangsi and captured all the cities and towns up to Shanghai and even to Tientsin—just in one city alone, the capital of Chekiang, there were two hundred thousand killed by the rebels.

For five years they were too powerful to be overcome, but, in Shanghai, an American, named Ward, drilled several thousand Chinese troops and won many victories; later the government soldiers, helped by the French and

British, finally beat the rebels and forced them to disband.

While the rebellion was still going on, in 1857, one of the generals of the Emperor, named Peng Yu-ling, was given charge of a huge territory to drive out the rebels. His power extended over Hunan, Hupeh, Kiangsi, and Chekiang, and he had absolute power of life and death.

This General Peng came to Wucheng, and, as usual, the town gave a big banquet to celebrate his arrival. Toward the end of the meal, some of the guests spoke of the Christian religion and said it was the same sect as the rebels. The general then asked the officials if there were any Christians in the place. Surprised to find that there were not only Christians but that they had here a chapel and a catechist, he became angry, and, calling his military escort, started out for the chapel.

Just at that time, the catechist was taking his dinner. In the house were his wife and two poor women and a child whom he had taken in out of charity.

The general, even before entering the house, shouted for the catechist, calling out: "You Christian! You religion-eater!" This is an insulting term, used even today by pagans. The catechist came out, and, in the presence of a crowd that had gathered to see what the blood-thirsty general would do, answered the questions put to him:

"Are you a rebel?"

"No, I am not a rebel."

"Who has built this chapel?"

"All the Christians of the place."

"Where are these Christians?"

"Some of them are farmers, others are workmen, others still are merchants—all living in Wu-cheng."

"And what are you doing here?"

"I live here since my business failed."

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am a Christian."

"Will you renounce the religion?"

"The Emperor Tao-kwong and the present Emperor Hien-fong have recognized the Christian religion and have not ordered us to give it up."

"You really will not renounce your religion?"

"My ancestors adored God. How can I, at eighty years of age, renounce it and abandon God?"

At this moment, someone in the company remarked that it was not enough to demand a promise to give up religion, but some act must be made which would show absolute proof of apostasy.

The general approved this suggestion. Near by there was a mound of lime, and he took some and drew a cross on the ground and ordered the catechist to trample on it.

Quintus Sie refused to budge. The soldiers wanted to take him bodily and force him by violence, but the old man stretched out on the ground to prevent himself, even unwillingly, from walking on the cross.

It was not surprising that the general had thought of this means of apostasy. In Kan-chow, a city to the south, in the Province of Kiangsi, the officials had marked the roads leading into the city with crosses, so that they would recognize the Christians in the crowds that passed and capture them.

The general was furious at the Christian firmness of the catechist and he ordered the soldiers to bring him outside the house and cut off his head. This was quickly done on the open space in front of the chapel. It happened on November 17, 1857.

After nightfall, the brave Chris-

tians took up the body of the victim—there were several wounds made by the swords of the soldiers. The body and head were put into a coffin and buried in the Catholic cemetery.

Afterwards, the soldiers and pagans pillaged the priest's house and chapel and tore down the walls. These were used to build three temples at the end of the town, and they are still standing.

THEY SAY

Just couldn't do without THE FIELD AFAR.—N. J.

I get great pleasure out of reading THE FIELD AFAR.—Ohio

Enclosed is offering in thanksgiving for favors received.—N. J.; Calif.

I surely do enjoy the style of reading in that wonderful magazine.—N. J.

We are so used to THE FIELD AFAR, we couldn't get along without it. It seems like one of the family.—Pa.

I wish to become a subscriber to your excellent FIELD AFAR. I have read it with much interest and profit.—Ill.

THE FIELD AFAR has been most informative, educational, and has been the cause of many prayers.—Ill.

I promised if I received an increase in salary, that of the first month would go toward your most worthy work. Hence I cheerfully enclose \$10.—Ohio.

Maryknoll—School of "Yankee Xavers"

ALMOST four centuries ago, St. Francis Xavier wrote from the Orient to Rome: "How many thousands of infidels might be made Christians without trouble if we had men here to seek, not their own advantage, but the things of Jesus Christ! And therefore, dearest brothers, 'pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest'."

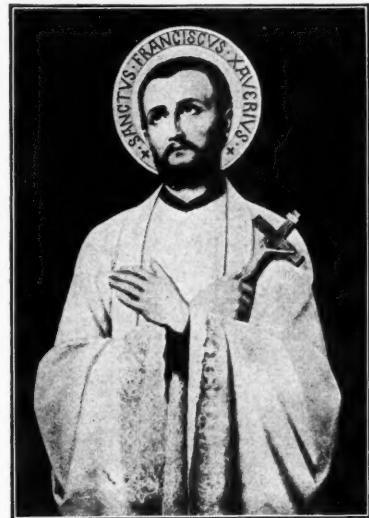
Since the time of Xavier, many hundreds of apostles have left all to seek in the Orient "the things of Jesus Christ." The Maryknoll Seminary is the American training school for foreign missionaries.

Be a Builder of Maryknoll

"I beg all who have a zeal for the spread of the Christian faith to help by their holy sacrifices and prayers," wrote St. Francis Xavier.

For the sum of five dollars, you can lay a number of stones in the walls of Maryknoll and share in the eternal reward of its apostles.

Address: The V. Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.



From the Maryknolls

**Awaiting the Sculptor—**

Above the Seminary entrance at Maryknoll is mounted a stone, in vesica form, that awaits the hand of a sculptor. This stone was provided through the kindness of the Catholic Women's Benevolent League to whose credit a burse had already been placed.

The Catholic Women's Benevolent League provided not only the stone but the modeling expense. We of Maryknoll have taken our time in the selection of subject and modeling, but we believe that we are justified in hastening slowly—so as to get satisfactory results.

The subject is the Christ King, and the model reproduced in this issue will give a rough idea of how the finished stone will look.

In the Making—

Some of our friends are more anxious to see this fine building complete than we ourselves are. For the present, it meets all our needs. Why then, be over anxious for what is not of necessity?

That is the way our Superior looks on buildings, and he often says that he will be satisfied not to live to see its completion so long as there can be assurance that it will go to the finish in good form

—as he would like to make his own end.

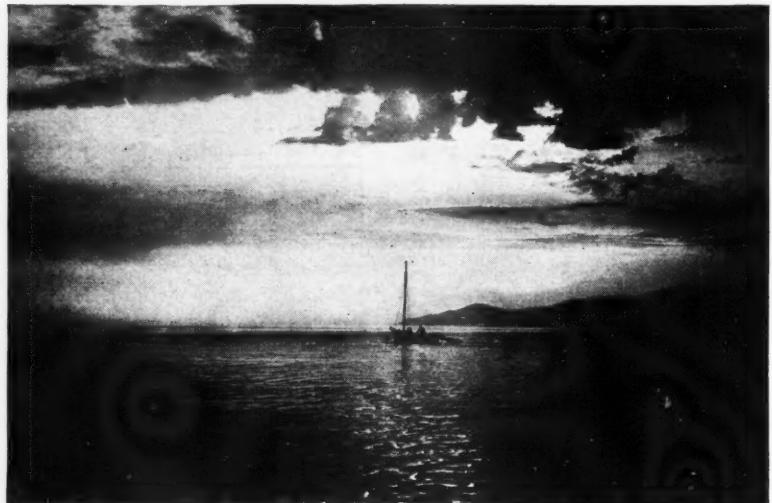
In the meantime, Maryknoll is not resting on oars, as our friends will note.

Visitors—

Young and old from far and near come to Maryknoll: chauffeurs and "chauffeureuses," good,

When one speaks English, understands idioms, even some current slang, and grasps the American mentality, he is no longer safe in this country, for friends would kill him with kindness.

His Excellency is in this class and has promised to come another day. The hearty wish of all who met him was that which Chinese

**SUNSET OVER VANCOUVER HARBOR**

bad, and indifferent. Most of our friends manage to get up the hill on inflated tires rather than as sore-footed pilgrims, but some who like a little heart exercise prefer to walk.

From the end of the bus line, it is about fifteen minutes up hill, and six to eight down. That will explain our position.

Some day, and this may not be far off, the bus line may be extended to the gates of our compound, and, when this is accomplished, our friends will be the gainers—ourselves also.

Archbishop Marchetti—

We learn that His Excellency has recovered fully from the strenuous and all-too-brief visit which he made to this country last fall in the interest of the Propagation of the Faith.

friends would have expressed had he been leaving them: "Go away slowly and come back quickly."

**GEORGE CHAO**

SEND YOUR IRISH BONDS TO MARYKNOLL

George Chao—

We hear occasionally from George Chao. There is a photograph of him on the previous page and it is doubtless too early to become enthusiastic over the subject, but some faces are interestingly bright, and George's photograph does not belie him.

George is the only Catholic in his family. He has studied at Notre Dame, spent a summer as working guest at Maryknoll, and, when last heard from, he was at Louvain adding to his store of knowledge.

George also managed to get to Rome during the Jubilee Year and to attract the attention of our Holy Father, as Pope Pius XI passed along blessing a large pilgrimage.

On that occasion, George was the only one to be especially recognized and everybody was "yellow," including himself.

Departures—

Hardly a month has passed in three years that did not register some Maryknoller on the Ocean. In one recent month, four groups were tossing more or less comfortably on the main. Three of these groups were on the Pacific and one on the Atlantic.

Those on the Pacific sailed—some from San Francisco, through the Gate of Gold, others from Seattle and Vancouver.

The Golden Gate has a glowing name, and is, in fact, a joy to look upon, especially when one is returning to his native land, but the scenery of Washington State and British Columbia makes one understand the enthusiasm of Seattleites and Vancouverans.

The Sisters—

Our Maryknoll Sisters are happy in the possession of several Orientals—two Japanese, two Koreans, one Chinese from Honolulu, and two natives of Hong Kong.

The latest arrival is Miss Teresa Yeung, who, for several years, has graciously given her services to the Maryknoll Sisters in Kowloon,

presiding over their industrial work.

Miss Yeung arrived at Seattle last fall. She was accompanied by another aspirant novice, who was so unfortunate as to come with a transient ailment common in the East and was not allowed to enter this country.



TERESA YEUNG OF HONG KONG

Miss Yeung's family is well known in Hong Kong. She herself speaks and understands English quite perfectly, so that she can take full advantage of her present opportunity.

This young Chinese came in her native dress and wore these attractive garments for several weeks. She crossed this country unattended, but every woman in the car she occupied made friends with her and incidentally studied her manner of dress.

It is to be regretted that they did not adopt it. One of them, by the way, turned out to be a reader of THE FIELD AFAR.

CHRONICLE**July 31, 1927**

Ten Sisters left for the Hawaiian Islands.

August 9, 1927

Departure of Frs. Borer and Jones for China.

August 15, 1927

Rev. Charles F. McCarthy (one hundredth Maryknoll priest) was ordained by Archbishop Hanna at San Francisco.

August 26, 1927

Two Sisters left—one for China, one for Philippine Islands.

September 11, 1927

Fourteenth Departure Ceremony. Cardinal Hayes presided and Archbishop Marchetti, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, attended. In addition to many monsignori and priests, there were about one thousand guests present.

September 18, 1927

Bishop Dunn ordained fifteen deacons and three subdeacons.

September 24, 1927

Two students left to study in Rome. One Brother accompanied them to do secretarial work.

October 23, 1927

Sister Mary Sabina (Kennedy) died at the convent as the evening Angelus was ringing.

October 28, 1927

Ten postulants received the habit. Msgr. Hickey of Brooklyn gave the address.

PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP

as an associate in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America means a share in over five thousand Masses yearly, and in all the works of Maryknoll for the conversion of souls. Such a remembrance is of infinitely more benefit to your beloved dead than a shaft of stone. Perpetual Associate Membership as a Maryknoller calls for an offering of fifty dollars. A space of two years is allowed for full payment.

Address: The V. Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.

MAKE ROOM FOR THE MARYKNOLL MITE BOX

THE VENARD

RECENTLY, one of our priest neighbors spent a few days with us. We called at his home after he had returned, and he wished to talk about the Vénard. I learned then that our everyday life is not commonplace to an outsider.

He went on to say: "You know, it does us old fellows good to see the young life that is going to take up the torch when we leave. The glow of my precious student days with their high ideals surged through my mind again."

My host puffed a while on his cigar and mused: "Isn't it strange, Father, or is it strange, that I thought very seriously of the missions once? Probably every priest considers that special vocation more or less. Those days of prayer and doubt came back to me most strikingly during the community Mass for the boys, and, after my Communion, I thought much about the work before these students whose lives are just budding, and I wished I were young again.

"Father X., a Jesuit from the Philippines, told me of the splendid spirit he noted among the Maryknollers. Another priest remarked that you could not visit one of their institutions without a feeling of awe and admiration. Still, perhaps, we should expect to find a different spirit among men who are yearning to go to the Orient.

"What pleased me, while taking breakfast with the Fathers, was their brightness and their deference for one another; the jollifying that left no sting; and the spice of disagreement that flavored the monotony of consent. St. Augustine says somewhere that these same things which I noted weld souls into friendship and loyalty.

"The manual labor you have for the boys is an excellent idea. They seem to have such a relish for the thing and are so gay at their work that I felt rejuvenated watching them. Evidently it is good recreation and the various tasks assigned should give them self-reliance.

"Night prayers impressed me. There is great practical psychology in them. The little ejaculations are run in like arrows of love here and there when the attention might be lagging or when the heart is waiting for some sweet outlet for its emotions.

"When night prayers were over, I wanted to kneel a while with that last ejaculation ringing through my mind: 'Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul!' I noticed the youngsters one by one, as they went over and reverently kissed the relics of Théophane Vénard and other martyrs, and I wondered if these boys could be aspiring to martyrdom? Once I had that great dream—there was no Maryknoll then."

LOS ANGELES

PEOPLE are more naturally attracted to those who understand their language and customs. So it is that the work here has progressed to a considerable degree on account of a zealous Japanese nun who has labored here for some years past. Her work in the school, orphanage, and hospitals is well known to many. Not only do the Catholic Japanese respect her, but she is highly esteemed and loved by a number of pagans.

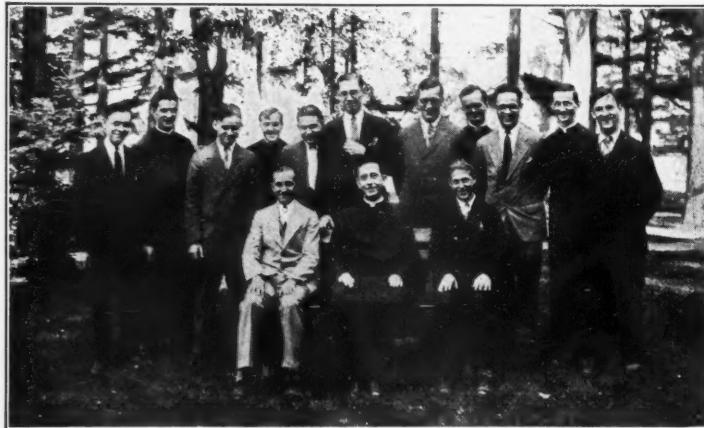
Recently another Maryknoll Japanese nun came to Los Angeles to assist her. We trust much good will be accomplished through the zeal of these two consecrated women.

A Japanese movie actor was baptized here a few days ago, after faithfully

session when Father called; hence these Japanese Buddhists had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of one who has taught in their own native land for the last ten years.

Teachers and educators hold first place in the eyes of the modern Japanese. From a natural point of view, it seems that if the Catholic Church is going to make progress among these people, it must be through the school and college. A Japanese friend said recently, "Your Catholic schools turn out a higher class pupil than do the public schools." He felt that as this fact was becoming better known among his people, our schools would increase in size.

The most encouraging feature in connection with our school work is that in



A MISSION-AID ORGANIZATION

Recently these young men spent a week-end at Maryknoll for the purpose of retreat

attending instructions for five months. The example of good Catholics with whom he seemed to come in contact wherever he lived so influenced him that he desired to enter their Church. Like other Japanese converts of our acquaintance, he wishes "to tell the world" about the Catholic Church.

Mr. K., a Japanese convert of many years, is starting a new eleven-story modern hotel. When it is entirely clear of debt, he will sell it and donate every cent to charity. This will require four or five years, he says. He is no visionary, for we know that every day he attends Mass in the morning, Benediction at noon, and rosary in the evening, at one of the Catholic churches in the city.

Among recent visitors we had the pleasure of entertaining Fr. Mark McNeil, S.J., of Tokyo. A meeting of our Japanese Parents' Association was in

most cases there is no objection on the part of the parents to letting their children become Catholic. Many even encourage them.

The new bus is now in use, and, when the Japanese bishop, the first ever consecrated, comes here, we hope to have him bless it. We shall have the parents present and make it a gala event, for the sacrifices made by the parents to secure the bus were many.

SAN FRANCISCO

MISSION WEEK among the Catholic colleges and high schools in and about San Francisco opened the day before Mission Sunday with a Pontifical Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco. It was a most impressive gathering. Almost fourteen hundred college and high school students filled the Cathedral; Bishop McGovern of Cheyenne, Wyoming, offered the

Mass, assisted by several of the diocesan priests; and His Grace the Archbishop of San Francisco gave a splendid address on the part of the student in the mission work of the Church.

In his talk, the bishop enumerated the different orders and societies engaged in mission work, and we felt honored indeed to have him name Maryknoll first and as "having originated in our own America." Much was added to the splendor and dignity of the occasion by the fine singing of Fr. Boyle's choir of one hundred and twenty students.

During the mission week, Fr. McCarthy, of the seminary at Los Altos, was invited to speak at St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park; at the Jesuit High School of Santa Clara; at Presentation Academy in San Francisco; and at Dominican Convent, San Rafael. Fr. Keller, of the Procure in San Francisco, was asked to speak on mission work at St. James High School (Brothers of Mary); Presentation Academy, Berkeley; St. Peter's High School (Sisters of Mercy), San Francisco; St. Joseph's Jesuit Church, San Jose—to a gathering of the students of Notre Dame Academy; St. Joseph's High School, Notre Dame Academy, Alameda; and the Christian Brothers' Schools of St. Mary's College and High School, Oakland, and Sacred Heart College, San Francisco.

Thirty colleges and high schools participated in the Mission Week which did much to bring some mission information to thousands of students.

Visitors to Maryknoll-in-San Francisco have been many since we moved to McAllister and Scott Streets. On looking over our visitors' book, we find the names of Bishop MacGinley and Monsignor Crowley of Fresno; Bishop McGovern of Cheyenne, Wyoming; and other passers-by from Boston, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, Hawaii, China, and many other parts of the map.

The Procure has already served many passing missioners, diocesan priests, and students. Soon we hope to gather here a group of Oriental students, in this country for college and university training.

The large reception rooms have served well for meetings of the Maryknoll Auxiliary, gatherings of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, and benefit card parties.

Recently a bridge party was given at the Procure by Our Lady's Circle. A short time before, twenty-seven members of Dolores Institute of the Young Ladies' Institute came one evening armed with a can or box of this or that—a real grocery shower—all of which makes our pantry look much more presentable.

Sienna Club in San Francisco for teachers, past, present, and future, has of late been presenting national pro-

THE FIELD AFAR is twenty-one years old—old enough to vote. Its vote is one of thanks to God above all and to a host of friends, who, responding to His grace, have made possible the development of Maryknoll.

grams at its gatherings. The last was "A Day in Ireland" to which Fr. Keller was invited. At the conclusion, he was asked to give a little touch of China with a brief talk on Maryknoll. Very soon the Sienna Club is planning a jaunt about for fifty of its members to the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Los Altos.

Supporting our new Seminary at Los Altos has been admittedly a struggle so far. The debt, well toward fifty thousand dollars yet, we should, of course, like to forget, and we frequently succeed; but our immediate concern is running expenses which must be met, including the interest on the debt.

We of Maryknoll have practically no definite income—we have no parishes. When, through the kindness of parish priests, we speak in churches, it is to ask for **FIELD AFAR** subscriptions, not for collections. You may ask, there-

fore, "How do you get your support for running the Seminary?"

Our answer is, "We do not know." It is a little help here and there and anywhere, all leading us to the consoling thought that Providence is behind it.

But suppose that you yourself had a household of some twenty-five people. What would you do to sustain them? As all of these are preparing for the great work of foreign missions, they certainly deserve the necessities of life since they have offered their whole selves for the spiritual welfare of others.

The Maryknoll Guild recently formed in California will solve part of our problem; at least, we hope so. This Guild presents an attractive method of helping boys to realize the priesthood and it does not demand a great sacrifice. The Guild appeals not only to individuals, but to clubs, societies, schools, and other similar institutions, all of which can through membership win for themselves many blessings and the comfort of the thought that they are training American boys "to bring to other lands what the missionaries brought to California."

For the convenience of any among our California readers who wish to become members of the Guild, a formal promise is printed below.

HONOLULU
FR. BARRON writes:

Advised by Fr. Kress and encouraged

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America



THE MARYKNOLL GUILD

I promise to give \$.... each month to aid in the training of American boys for the missionary priesthood at the Maryknoll Junior Seminary, Los Altos, Cal. (To train one student costs \$35 per month.) This is in no way to interfere with personal, parish, or other prior obligations and may be discontinued at will.

I cannot go myself to fields afar, but as long ago the people of Spain sacrificed to train missioners for California, so now I wish to have some part in the training of American boys to bring the blessings of Christ to other lands.

Name

Address

A reminder is sent
each month together
with a return envelope

1494 McAllister St.,
at Scott
San Francisco
Phone Walnut 1983

THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1928



LOUIS F. SMITH
Of Tiffin, Ohio

by Bishop Stephen, I have undertaken the study of the Irocano dialect of the Filipinos. They are coming here in droves to work on the sugar plantations. Seven hundred landed last month and this month's number will run way past the thousand mark. There is not a priest on the Island, so I have been told, who can speak their language. Most of them speak the Irocano dialect, the others, Visayn. I shall attempt both dialects.

In a recent note from the new pastor of St. Vincent Ferrer's, Fr. Murray, we read the following:

I was appointed—almost as soon as I arrived here—the pastor of St. Vincent Ferrer parish, a new division of the outskirts of Honolulu. This parish is about ninety-five per cent Oriental: many Chinese, Japanese, and a few Hawaiians and Filipinos. There is a tremendous work ahead of me among these people, and I am sure I shall be happy.

A few days ago, I had the pleasure of baptizing a Chinese, who died two days after. I had occasion to give thanks to the Sacred Heart for his conversion. He was a man who hated all things Christian—except his wife and children, who are Catholics—and refused to allow the priest here to enter his room. Knowing this from his wife, I went to see him, and, although before I spoke to him I could see dislike in his eyes, my greeting in Chinese changed the situation. After that it was easy, but all in Chinese.

MANILA

"HOME, SWEET HOME" was the most popular tune all night long the first few weeks we were here," writes a Maryknoll Sister from the Normal

School at Malabon. "I suppose it is still played, but I don't notice it so much. Perhaps it would touch if it came once only, but it strikes one funny when played automatically and repeatedly.

"A funeral passed a little while ago and the first selection was 'Old Black Joe.' This was followed by 'Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here'; 'How Dry I Am'; and, last of all, 'John Brown's Body.'

ROME

THE fountains of knowledge in the Eternal City will provide refreshment this scholastic year for a small household of Maryknollers.

Two, Frs. Meaney and Hugues, who were in Rome last year, will prepare now for the Doctorate in Sacred Theology. Two others, young "Philosophers," will "dig in" a little farther so as to strengthen their foundation and try later to raise on it a lighthouse for stranded souls.

With these are Fr. Considine, who is now the oldest Roman of them all, and Bro. Leo Shields, who will keep a typewriter oiled and in motion.

Among the notes from the students in Rome, we came across the following:

You may be interested to know that our daily walks are taken with two Milan Fathers, who will sail for Hong Koon soon. These priests are studying English during their short stay in Rome and welcomed the opportunity to converse with English-speaking students.

A strange combination—two Italians studying English and three Americans trying to learn Italian. People passing close by are probably reminded of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. When we cannot understand one another in either English or Italian, Fr. L. resorts to Latin and Bro. S. puts in a few words of French; but Bro. L. usually comes to the rescue and saves the day with a little bit of Spanish.

THE AUCAM

MANY good things have come to the world from that ancient seat of Catholic learning and culture, the University of Louvain. One of the last is the "A. U. C. A. M." (AUCAM), the *Academica*

Unio Catholica Adjuvans Missiones, and all seems to predict that it will not be the least.

This mission association of Catholic university students originated in the zeal of a Jesuit missionary, Fr. Peter Charles. During Advent, 1924, Fr. Charles told the students of the University of Louvain how much the Protestant students of Oxford and Cambridge had accomplished for the pagan world. He spurred them on to a noble emulation, which has resulted in a mission organization of great promise.

The members of the association are university students, graduates, or professors. Its object is the formation of an intellectual lay apostolate, which will second the labors of missionaries in pagan countries. With this end in view, study circles are organized, where an intelligent grasp of mission problems is sought. At the headquarters of the A. U. C. A. M., there is a mission library, already well stocked with mission books and periodicals in many languages.

Once the students have themselves acquired a thorough knowledge of the missions, they engage in propaganda. They contribute mission articles to the press and organize the sale of mission pamphlets. Others give lectures. A dramatic section is in process of formation, which will present mission plays.

Some of the members of the association plan to collaborate with the missionaries on the mission field as lay doctors or professors.

A striking material achievement of the association is the Medical Foundation of the University of Louvain in Belgian Congo. At the wish of the A. U. C. A. M., the university has sponsored a first establishment at Kisantu which will include a school for native medical helpers, a hospital, and a laboratory for scientific research. Work on



EUGENE HIGGINS
Of Newark, N. J.

PUSH OUR CAUSE

the buildings was started on February 1, 1926. Other medical posts will be constructed in Belgian Congo. The King of Belgium is the patron of this Medical Foundation.

The A. U. C. A. M. has accomplished much in a short time and it has still greater mission projects in view. The association is especially interested in the negroes of the United States. In this respect in particular, Catholic university students in our own country may have something to learn from the Belgian missionary student organization.

Mission Notes

MARYKNOLL Foundation Day was a truly Catholic celebration at the Hong Kong Procure. The bishop and priests of Hong Kong, to the number of twenty-two, were invited to tiffin. Around the American hosts were gathered Italian, French, Spanish, and Chinese missionaries.

The Hong Kong Procure is apparently well protected, facing, as it does, military barracks, but—the Procurator writes:

Our nightly prowler of some two months ago returned again to the quest and this time relieved Bro. Benedict of small change. At the same time, he visited a few of our neighbors, though with what success we have not learned. "Buddie," our faithful watchdog, slept peacefully throughout the performance.

From now on, we are all parking our valuables under our pillows.

We are always pleased to learn that traveling Orientals have come in contact with representative Catholics. Such contacts react on work for Orientals in their own homeland and take away certain false impressions which have been spread, more or less wilfully, by certain unsympathetic Westerners.

One of our Sisters, recently arrived at her mission, writes:

THE safest and most satisfactory method of sending money to Maryknoll missionaries is through Maryknoll. Checks may be made out and addressed to the V. Rev. J. A. Walsh, Maryknoll, New York.

IN MEMORIAM

Father McShane, of Maryknoll
Who died at Loting, China, June 4, 1927

No pennants droop; no muffle drum-beats roll;

No pomp's processional of pageant gloss.

Unheralded the passing of a soul
With earthly glamor. Silence seals the loss.

No brilliancy of glory earth bestows,
Absorbing self-complacency it shows,
But mortal stillness reigns the vacant air,

As incense, floating, swell the silent prayer.

Unsought, unneedful to the valiant soul
Of shepherd consecrated to the fold,

The gilded epitaph of sculptured scroll,
Or gorgeous casket beautified by gold.
Immortal guerdon gained by labors done

Is not of earthly splendor shed or spun
But He, Who sanctified him for the fold,

Bestows supernal meed, surpassing gold.

Yea, he who worketh mercy in His name

Fans ardently the ever-zealous soul,
Shall fortify himself with vivid flame,
And blaze his path to heaven's pearly goal.

No tinsel'd urn requireth he for rest,
Reposest he in sweetness on the breast
Of Him Who wills diurnal planets roll
And breathes His Majesty unto the soul.

—Robert J. French

On the boat, we met two Japanese gentlemen who seemed very much interested in our work. One is an official, I believe, in the employ of a trading company. He is not a Catholic, but went to a Catholic school in Japan when a child. He hopes to bring his family back to Japan next year and to place his girls in a Sisters' boarding school (provided they can come out when old enough and marry). He was an interesting character. He asked us questions about the Catholic faith and thought we were right in many ways.

Bro. William Neary of western Massachusetts, who left the Home Knoll in November, 1926, for the Maryknoll Mission in Korea, has been directing building operations in that field. Several new mission stations have lately been opened, and Bro. William has guided the Chinese carpenters in the construction of the mission buildings.

While waiting for lumber one week, Bro. William stopped over at Peng Yang and utilized the time to put in screens at the rec-

tory there. "We were certainly grateful," wrote Fr. Cleary, "in view of the approaching hot weather and the fame of Peng Yang flies."

Incidents such as these are strong reminders of the usefulness of the Maryknoll Auxiliary Brothers on the mission field. They relieve the priests of many material anxieties and leave them more free for the exercise of their sacred ministry.

SHEPHERDS AHEAD

Keep in mind that the steady aim of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is to help people in pagan lands to organize their own Church. To this end, efforts will be constantly made to select and train native youth for the service of Christ. Here are two interesting notes for this issue:

At Kongmoon, Bishop Walsh's center, the Preparatory Seminary opened with thirty-five promising youths, and "if loud study counts for anything, they are assimilating knowledge."

The Seminary at Kaying, Fr. Ford's center, opened with twenty-five students, and the senior will go to Penang in December to begin his theology.

"It now looks as if the native clergy problem in China will be solved in another year or two, and then foreign missionaries from the Orient will be leaving for pagan America to strive to win that benighted country to the faith."

THE CAUSE

A word about Jews:

"That all may be one" are words of Our Lord.

"No race, no individual, man, woman, or child, living on this earth is out of the range of God's love."

"Jesus Christ was a Jew—and His own received Him not."

"A few did receive Him, and, as many as received Him, He gave them power to become the children of God."

"Your Jew friend may yet become a Christian."

"There is in England a movement for the conversion of Jews."

"A 'Catholic Guild of Israel' was established in 1917."

"One of its interesting pamphlets is entitled 'Jews and Catholics.'"

"Should you be interested, address the Guild at the Convent of Lyon, Chepstow Villas, Bayswater, London, W. 11."

MISSIONS NEED SCHOOLS

FATHER CHIN



Dear Boys and Girls:

In this first message of 1928, I want to say a big "Thank you" to our old JUNIORS and a big "Welcome" to the new young friends whom Santa Claus has gained for Maryknoll.

You JUNIORS of the past must know of our gratitude for your help throughout the Old Year and of our hopes in you for every New Year to come.

To the children in many homes where THE FIELD AFAR comes as a Christmas gift, I say this hearty "Welcome" in the name of all the JUNIORS. It makes us happy to know that your willing hands and hearts will unite with ours in helping to spread the Kingdom of the Christ Child. We are eager to get acquainted; so—now that we have introduced ourselves—won't you please write and do the same? A Chi Rho badge will be sent to make you feel full-fledged JUNIORS.

"T'in Che Po You!" (God bless you!)—A New Year greeting from your

Father Chin

Junior's New Year Resolutions



THE UNSEEN BOY

A Mission Play in One Act for Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Grade Pupils.

Scenes: (1) Classroom during noon recess period; (2) a pagan wayside shrine in China.

Characters:

The Boy Christ

A Blind Chinese Boy

A Leper

A Chinese Father

Chinese Boy and Girl Worshippers (five or more)

Sister-teacher

Frank, Phil, Dick, Jack (students)

Boys, looking hot and tossed, enter classroom—not at all orderly, rather rush in.

Frank—(Running his hand through tousled hair) "Whew! That was a close one! Bet they won't say we're easy to beat after that."

Phil—(As he drops into a seat) "And Joe said they wouldn't even have to use their regulars on us!"

Dick—(Sitting on a desk facing blackboard at the side) "Aw—it wasn't so hard. That run of yours did it, Frank. You showed them."

Frank—(Still out of breath) "Ah! That wasn't it. If you fellows hadn't cleared the way, where would I be?"

Dick—(Jumps up, steps to board, takes chalk and draws a zigzag line as he talks, running near some geography notes on China) "Here you were—and you went over, and round, and across—and through—and—touchdown."

Jack—"Look out or you'll have him in China.

"Say, but that must be some place! Just think—400,000,000 people—all Chinamen!"

Phil—(Speaks slowly) "It's funny to me. I sort'a thought all Chinamen had laundry shops."

Frank—"Aw—no. I knew some had restaurants, but I didn't think there were more than—oh, about a thousand.

TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

But Sister said—"

Dick—(*Who has been looking out of window*) "Say, the seventh are lining up again—another game—come on."

All run out but Frank. He has been slouched down in his chair, and, now alone, he stretches and drops his head down on the desk.

Frank—(*Half to himself, slowly, as he falls asleep*) "Chinamen—never knew—there—were—so—ma-n-y."

The room is made dark. Frank should be seated facing one corner, where an Oriental pagan shrine is arranged and concealed behind curtains. Slowly the curtain is drawn aside, while the shrine of a hideous dragon is illumined gradually. Background is typically Chinese.

Frank—(*Rises, goes toward shrine, rubs his eyes as he looks round, then, peering at the dragon, says:*) "You're like the picture in our geography book. (*He observes the scene critically*) This must be China, and (*again looking directly at dragon*) I suppose you're one of the gods. (*Thoughtfully*) I think I'd hate to have to pray to you."

As he talks, a tapping noise is heard. A boy, poorly clad in Chinese costume, comes along, feeling his way with a stick. Frank steps to side, and, as he does so, he notices someone beyond the shrine. The Boy Christ has appeared in the scene. His eyes are fixed on the blind boy. As the latter bows before the idol, points to his eyes, and stretches his hands in supplication, the Boy Christ beckons to him, but is unobserved; then:

Boy Christ—(*Speaks slowly and softly*) "I am the true light. Behold, the blind see."

But the blind boy hears nothing and passes by.

Frank—(*Gazing spellbound on the beautiful Boy, whispers:*) "It is the Boy Jesus."

A disfigured, ragged leper approaches the shrine, crouches near, and looks up suppliantly at the idol.

Boy Christ—"Would you be cleansed? If you believe, all things are possible. Ask and you shall receive."

Another worshiper draws near and the leper, with guilty mien, withdraws. As he staggers past the Unseen Boy, whose words he has not heard:

Boy Christ—(*Arms raised*) "Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

But the leper heeds Him not, and passes on his way.

New Worshiper—(*A man wearing padded Chinese coat produces a bundle that has been concealed beneath coat, and holds it out toward the dragon*)

Man—"Girl, so I send her back to spirit land."

Frank—(*Gaspings*) "It's a baby and he's going to kill it!"

Boy Christ—(*Moves slightly forward and stretches out His hands picadingly*)



THE BOY JESUS

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Man passes on.

A group of well-dressed Chinese boys and girls come. They bow much, burn incense, with reverential behavior.

Boy Christ—(*Walking in their midst, unseen by them, repeats sadly*) "So long a time have I been with you and you have not known Me." Scene is darkened gradually. Frank slowly backs toward his seat and drops into it. Rubs his eyes and—is awake.

Frank—(*Going to blackboard, scrutinizes figures*) "And they think that awful dragon God! If they only knew our God—" He glances at a picture of Christ with the trustful smile of a comrade.

Other boys return.

Frank—"Sav, I just fell asleep and I had the strangest dream."

Phil—"Football. I suppose you were making another touchdown."

Frank—"No, 'twas geography. I thought I was in China." He begins to tell dream.

Sister enters.

Jack—"Sister, Frank just dreamed he went to China and—"

Phil—"Aw, let Frank tell it."

Sister—"A day dream, Frank?"

Frank—"No (sheepishly). I went really asleep and—" Beginning again, he tells the dream.

Sister—"I think it is much like that. Those poor people adore awful idols—even the devil himself. They know nothing of Jesus."

Dick—"Well, why doesn't somebody tell them?"

Phil—"Yes, why don't they? It's only fair that people who know God should tell those who don't."

Sister—"You know, boys, that some do. Even missionaries from our own America are in China today, doing all they can to bring the people to our holy faith. But it is a big place, and many, many thousands must wait for more missionary priests and Brothers and Sisters to go to teach them."

Dick—"Well, do we (making a gesture to include all the boys) have to wait till we're big enough to be missionaries, before we can do anything?"

Sister—(*Smiling*) "Dick, I think now you will all be better listeners when we have an opportunity to hear or learn something about the missions. How many times have we not heard that boys and girls can and should help the work a great deal, but we just would not realize it? Shall we band together now and see what the class can do?"

Chorus—"O, yes, Sister, yes."

Dick (*excitedly*) "Let me have charge of the Mite Box?"

Phil—"And can we buy babies as they do down at St. Joseph's?"

Jack—"And that missionary priest last year told us—"

General babble ensues.

Sister—"Yes, yes, we can help some with our mites, I'm sure; but, best of all, we'll pray every day for the missions."

Frank—"We'll pray to be missionaries, too, and go to China some day."

Phil—"And Frank can show us the way over, since he was there this afternoon."

Finis



The JUNIOR Banner Waves Over—
Arkansas, California, Connecticut,
Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Maine,
Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan,
Missouri, Montana, New Jersey,
New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania,
Rhode Island, Virginia, Washington,
Washington, D. C., West Virginia,
Wisconsin.

Is your State represented? Your enrollment as a MARYKNOLL JUNIOR will put it on our mission map.

THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1928

Circles



[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

**Address all communications to
The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

LAY up treasures in heaven—a fine reminder to have set up before our eyes during this new year of grace and opportunities!

What does your Circle plan this year for the missions? What resolutions have you formed?

Many circles, of course, will continue the support of their priest, Sister, catechist, seminarian, or will aid along other lines. Our needs are many, but the past kindness of our friends makes us hopeful for the days to come.

Write to the Circle Director at Maryknoll who keeps in touch with all the missions and knows their various needs if you wish special suggestions.

It looks as if the Chi Rho Hall in which our Circles have been interested will have a unique setting. It will probably be constructed on the foundation of what was once a stable. This should suggest Bethlehem, but, by the time the Chi Rho appears, the resemblance can hardly be noticed.

Not one shower, but several were received from Alacoque Circle and

Is your Circle listed at Maryknoll? Have we your membership list, with addresses?

friends of Ansonia, Conn. These Circlers like "showery weather."

Some Circle might like to come to our rescue and provide dishes. Write to the Circle Director if you are interested in this need.

From many Circles, the returns for Chi Rho Hall are coming in. We hope that some day soon we shall have a suitable place in which to entertain our Circlers.

Enthusiastic reports from Father McShane Circle of Richmond, Maine, show that this pioneer Circle in the Pine Tree State is very much interested in Maryknoll and promises to do much for her missions.

Has your Circle Associate Members? Many who cannot attend meetings would be glad to share in the spiritual benefits of the Society and could be of inestimable help in spreading the name of Maryknoll and arousing interest in the missions.

New houses call for statues of devotion, at least for statues of our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph.

Another most welcome furnishing is in the form of framed prints that can instruct and edify the youth who will pass in successive generations through our Seminaries. Small offerings will be applied to these needs.

MEDICAL NOTES

THE medical pavilion at the Vatican Mission Exposition attracted the special attention of our Holy Father, who, in private conversation and in public utterances, as also in official documents, has been urging that the light of science, as well as apostolic zeal, should accompany the missioner.

Maryknoll missions are still too young to find a place for medical lay helpers, but several of our missions have urgent need of Brothers, well instructed as nurses.

One Brother, who has been in South China for several years, has proved of untold value to the missioners themselves and also to the spiritual progress of the several missions to which he has been attached.

Nothing softens the heart of a pagan so much as the relief of his bodily ills, and, when the heart is softened, the seed of Christian truth more readily germinates.

Thanks to the courtesy of the Providence Hospital at Washington, a small group of Maryknoll Sisters are taking up a regular nursing course.

There are at present some twenty-odd registered nurses among the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic.

THE SUNCHONG DISPENSARY (Fr. Cairns)

THE dispensary is one of the cheeriest rooms in the house; white and sanitary. With its cabinets of instru-

MARYKNOLL'S "BABY MISSION"

In the Maryknoll Manchurian Mission, Fr. Lane reports that the House of Studies at the Center in Fushun gradually creeps up, but the exchequer does not keep pace. Fr. P'an, the zealous Chinese assistant priest, berates the contractor for his slowness. But "Number One"—Fr. Lane—secretly hopes for breakdowns and bad weather.

Some good U. S. greenbacks from the folks back home would cure this unnatural hankering after clouded skies. Send your remedies via Maryknoll, N. Y.

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

ments and medicines, it gives evidence of having equipment to cure the ills that flesh is heir to.

And it is very popular, even though it has not been in operation very long. Cuts and bruises, aches and sprains, everything *frae a wee cut tae a meenor operation* gets relief here at the hands of the Father. He has already won his way into the hearts of several Chinese, and his fame as a "Doctor" is spreading. For though he tells them that he is not a doctor, but a priest, their "spiritual father," yet he does them so much good that they continue to call him "Doc."

Here are some of the cases treated recently: Our cook was the first patient, with his infected hand which had had to be lanced; next, the houseboy's chronic tonsillitis. Then Fr. Sheridan arrived with malaria, an intermittent fever of one hundred and six degrees, off and on, for six days, when he returned to normal under the quinine treatment. Finally the cook suddenly got a spasm of the stomach with convulsions, but, in a few hours, he was well again.

But charity that is the right kind, though it may start at home, does not remain there. So when a Catholic eight-year-old boy accidentally fell from a bridge into the empty river-bed at low tide, and, landing in the mud, ran a sharp piece of bamboo through the upper left eyelid and received several scalp wounds, the mission dispensary, just around the corner, immediately came to mind. First aid was administered, and, the following morning (as the doctor in town could not be reached), three stitches were taken in the eyelid by the attending "surgeon," assisted by Bro. Michael, who happened to be visiting here. When the last dressing was removed the eyesight not only was not lost, but was completely normal. A fraction of an inch lower, and the youngster would have been blind in one eye the rest of his life.

But he was a Christian. *Other sheep I have . . .*, and it is especially to the "other sheep" that we have been sent; so we were more than

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Inquiries from many points have come concerning the Eucharistic Congress which will take place in Sidney, Australia, next September. Final arrangements will doubtless be now announced by the Travel Agencies, and the Maryknoll Travel Bureau will give information as it comes to all inquirers.

grateful for the publicity received by the toddling youngster, swathed in snowy bandages for a month, going out daily from the mission dispensary.

We soon welcomed our first pagan,



REV. ROBERT J. CAIRNS, A. F. M.

brought in by the happy mother of the healed boy. The new patient's trouble was in the index finger of his left hand, the end of which he had partly severed six days before. He went to some Chinese for aid, and received, along with a lot of "goo" smeared on the fin-

ger, a nice case of infection, and, later, gangrene. In four days, he left us with a sound finger once more. But, in the meantime, he had brought his mother with a five-day-old dog bite on her ankle, which had become infected.

And so it goes on—an endless chain, which, link by link, draws the mysterious, unknown foreigner, with a foreign message, into the good graces and good will of the people.

Seeds of kindness and little favors first, which water and prepare the soil for the seeds of faith to follow when the planting time comes, when, as St. Paul says, the doors of opportunities are open to us. And thus we work, in a roundabout way, but the surest way, the way of human kindness; slowly, against many odds, but surely, as sure as our Eucharistic Host, our Coworker, is working with us and in us for the greater honor and glory of His heavenly Father.

We have about three hundred dollars' worth of medicines, instruments, and sanitary furniture on hand, and the man, woman, or child who offers us something to pay for them will cause the wrinkles of worry to fade from our foreheads and will cover our faces with the smile that won't come off.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR YOUR LAWYER'S REFERENCE

I give, bequeath and devise to the CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC., a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of New York,

(HERE STATE OR DESCRIBE THE BEQUEST)

to have and to hold unto said Society forever, for the purposes for which it is incorporated, or for any other purpose which it may hereafter be authorized to accomplish.

WEAR THE CHI RHO

THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1928

Greetings!



*Our little Japanese
Joe bows three
times and expresses
our wishes for a
Happy New Year
to all.*

WE were especially pleased to receive, among mission gifts, one of one hundred dollars for the orphanage of our late revered Father McShane.

We are beginning to regard wills as one of our most important sources of income. Since our last issue, eleven wills matured in our favor, ranging in amounts from fifty dollars to two thousand, bringing a total of nearly five thousand.

Some of this was for Masses, but most of it was "stringless" and applicable to any of our many needs.

Annuities also continue to attract those who prefer to execute their own wills. Of these, four came during the month, one of sixty-five hundred dollars on which interest at five per cent will be paid to our benefactor during his life.

A gift of twenty-five dollars was received from the estate of Miss Doyle, of Worcester, to help along the varied works of the Maryknoll Sisters in China.

The call for Irish bonds was a revelation. Usually, if four or five heed such an invitation, we are encouraged, but Irish bonds broke the record, and some twenty-five came in from various sections of the country.

We have entered these for liquidation and hope to add a substantial sum to St. Patrick's Burse. We are now ready for MORE IRISH BONDS.

Our Maryknoll representative in Seattle sent us the following letter from a non-Catholic pupil in one of the Catholic schools which he had visited.

Dear Father:

We are happy because you sent us the book and pictures; so we want to thank you for them. I bought a boat for the missionaries and I am about in the middle of the ocean; I am trying to get to Japan. Many of the girls arrived there and are on their way home again.

Through the kindness of several bishops, the Maryknoll Sisters have been given an opportunity recently to approach pastors, here and there, in the interest of their special and urgent need—a Mother-House.

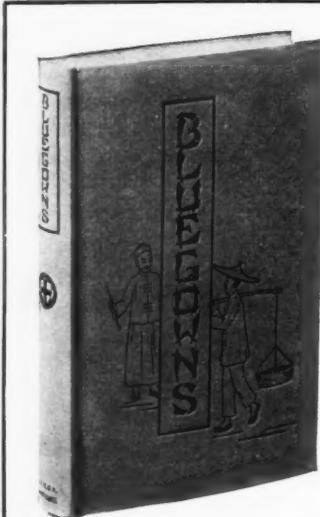
Pastors have been most gracious and from the pulpit have spoken strong words of commendation. One pastor, in whose congregation are many actors, referred in his talk to a statue which the Maryknoll Sisters had planted in certain desirable property now secured. Later, one of the actors, placing his bill in the basket, asked where he could get a statue of St. Joseph as he would like to put it under the manager's carpet for an increase.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS—4,228

A good figure, *n'est-ce-pas?* as our *légionnaires* might say. And it is made up of results from thirty States and from different countries. New York, Massachusetts, Maine, California, and Pennsylvania lead the procession, and our hope is that few will drop out.

SCHOOL SUBSCRIPTIONS

Since our last issue the School Subscription Department added two hundred and thirty-three to its list. "Not many," said an interested priest, "when we know how many Catholic children there are in this country and what a finely edited paper your FIELD AFAR is. But keep it up; thousands of Catholic boys and girls will yet know and love Maryknoll."



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FIELD AFAR OFFICE

: : :

MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

WHATEVER YOU GIVE

Hokshiha

(Continued from page 19)

not be distinguished from any other house in the neighborhood. You would never dream it is a mission center with resident priest, a school, and a chapel.

The place is not well located for our purpose, being a million miles from nowhere. The nearest town is fourteen miles distant. I am at present trying to rent a shop in this little town, put a catechist there, and see what will happen. Our mission should really be in the town.

The first pioneers got a foothold where and how they could and built for immediate needs. Very often their successors had to remain in that first and temporary stage owing mostly to lack of funds. Thus we find ourselves living in a stage of development that is only the log-cabin era, one hundred years behind the times and behind the insistent and ever-growing needs of the present.

If we wish to hold the children of our Christians and if we wish to make them converts, we shall have to get out of the woods. And to do that very thing, what we need is cold, hard cash.

One bright day, Fr. Ford happened to find this place and came in to see me. He looked over my bookkeeping. I saw a puzzled look creep into his eyes. "Your books don't balance!" says he.

"What's that!" says I.

"Why," says he, "you couldn't possibly spend more money than you received!"

Well, anyhow, that's just what "I went and done"! And to this day I'm looking for the balance. And I thought perhaps, maybe, somebody could help: hence this letter.

Thanks!

IN MEMORIAM

Fr. Gaughan, Rev. Henry Schnur, Rev. J. G. Cunningham, Sr. M. Patronilla Dempsey, Sr. M. Bernadette Lane, Sr. M. Peter Delaney, Sr. M. of St. Francis Regis McDermott, Sr. M. Marguerite Lane, Mrs. F. Deaken, J. O'Neill, C. D. Smith, W. P. Delany, Mary Fagan, Mary E. Dolan, Mrs. E. Moore, Emelia Wissert, Mrs. Noviky, Anne C. Neeson, D. H. Fontain, Mrs. T. Cushing, P. McMahon, Cassie Haggerty, D. Hogan, H. Poppe, L. A. Thorton, Mrs. J. Crimmon, Nora McCarthy, Mrs. Susan Bisemus, Julia Gaynor,



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MAY HE BLESS YOU FOR IT!

THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1928

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SPREAD YOUR FAITH

ON A TRAIN IN JAPAN

Into a dining car (yes, there are such conveniences in Japan) there enters a youth in flowing robes and fedora hat. He orders coffee and sips it. Suddenly he discovers the only other occupant in the car—my honorable self. It is his chance to practice English and over he comes.

"Ah! You speak Japanese?"

No.

"Ah!" A pause. He draws out a card, on one side of which are some ideographs; on the other, the address of a Protestant establishment.

"I," he said, with a sympathetic smile, "am Baptist Christian. You, too, yes?"

I answered with a shake of the head. "Tenshudo—Catholic—Rome." A long pause followed, and he came back with a surprise.

"I like your collar."

"Roman," I told him, with a smile.

"And I like the cut of your coat. Ah!"

Just then the whistle blew, and my new friend gave me his card, expressing a desire to have me correspond with him, after which he cracked his back three times ceremoniously and hurried away.

? ? ?

The cover on our library table has a spot about two feet long and four inches wide. What shall I do?—Mrs. X.

The Maryknoll Bookshelf will just fit the spot. Write to the Publication Department, Maryknoll, N. Y.

What sort of habit have Maryknollers?—R. F. D.

The habit of praying for those who help Maryknoll.

I have a picture of George Washington. Could some missioner use it?

Yes, especially if it has a green back and was printed in Washington, D. C.

What color will be stylish this season?—Debutante.

It is thought that *Bluegowns* will be most popular. (See page 32.)

Why do missioners go to China to be killed?—W. R. R.

It is true that they might try an American city street—we had almost forgotten that.

I have only a few dollars and should like to visit the Orient. What route would you suggest?—T. J.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

Christian Marriage; A Novena in Honor of the Little Flower—

By Daniel A. Lord, S. J. The Queen's Work Press. Single copy, \$10; 50 copies, \$4; 100 copies, \$7.

Along the Mission Trail (In Japan); Along the Mission Trail (In China)—

By Bruno Hagspiel, S. V. D. Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. \$2.

Little Nellie of Holy God—

By Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S. Society of the Divine Saviour, St. Nazianz, Wis.

Kilima-Njaro—

By the Rt. Rev. H. A. Gogarty, C. S. Sp. \$1.

Catholic Missions in Figures and Symbols—

By Dr. Robert Streit, O. M. I. Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 109 East 38th St., N. Y. C. \$1.25.

Malaria—

Institutum ad Propagandum Usum Chinini, 48, De Wittenkade, Amsterdam, Holland.

The Cardinal of Charities, An Appreciation—

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, 328 West 71st St., N. Y. C. \$3.

The Parish Priest—Missionary—

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, 328 West 71st St., N. Y. C. \$3.

Catholic Native Episcopacy in China—

By Pascal M. D'Elia, S. J., Shanghai. Tusewei Printing Press, Siccawei.

Practice Tests in American History—

By Sr. M. Celeste, The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mary O'Gorman—

By Ruth Irma Low. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. \$2.

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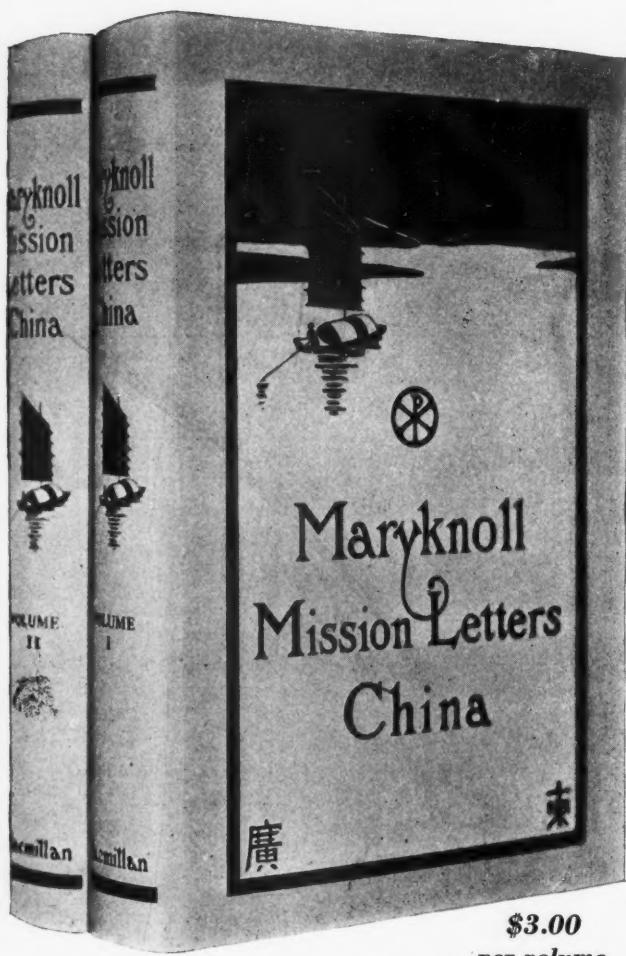
AT the present time, when all eyes are directed towards China, and people are asking how the outcome of the present upheaval will affect the good of mankind, these Letters are of vital interest. They give a graphic picture of the staffing of new mission stations in the interior of China. With remarkable candor, conditions are described and vivid impressionistic sketches drawn of Chinese life in out-of-the-way places never visited by white traders. Touching pictures are presented of simple, upright, industrious people gladly accepting the truths of Christianity and practicing their Faith under adverse conditions.

The first volume of these Letters appeared in 1923 and recorded the experiences of Maryknoll's missionaries in China from the opening of the mission in 1918 to 1921. The second volume carries on the story for another three years, ending with the erection of the American Prefecture Apostolic.

These volumes will help you to form a just estimate of the Chinese people and of the wisdom and possibility of spreading and strengthening mission work among them. Read these volumes yourselves. Give them to those among your friends

who may be interested in any aspect of the great Chinese puzzle of today.

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